

SIXTH WEEKLY ISSUE OF

SEPTEMBER 20, 1954

# SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



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# HOTBOX

*The Question:* **Should pitchers throw the "duster" against a dangerous batter in a tight game?**

*The Answers:*



MIKEY MANTLE  
OUTFIELDER  
YANKEES

"It's a legitimate pitch, as long as it's a duster and not a bean ball. A pitcher has no right to throw at a batter's head. That's the bean ball. It can kill a man. But when a dangerous batter is dug in too deep or is guarding the plate, a good pitcher will dust him off."



PEE WEE REESE  
SHORTSTOP  
DODGERS

"It's been that way since baseball started. I don't like it. But it's going to be that way as long as baseball is played. I suppose the

duster is okay if the pitcher can control it. But can he? Even so, a pitcher doesn't have a lot of guts if he throws at a man's head."



DUKE SNIDER  
OUTFIELDER  
DODGERS

"To brush a player off is part of the game. But some pitchers throw at your head and leave it to you to duck. A smart pitcher

should throw close and keep a batter off balance. He may hit a man once in a while, but he's on the spot, too. Pitching is his bread and butter."



PHIL RIZZUTO  
SHORTSTOP  
YANKEES

"No. I don't mind a close pitch from the shoulders down, to drive me back. But a high pitch at my head may cost me my bread

and butter. Yes, even my life. Only the helmet saved Adcock's life. There are some pitchers who deliberately throw at your head if you've gotten two or three hits."



EDDIE LOPAT  
PITCHER  
YANKEES

"No. But the two hardest balls to hit are the high, inside pitch and the low, outside ball. When a batter has a weakness for the

high, inside pitch, I throw it. But there's no guarantee that I can control it fully. A duster is different. It's thrown to hit or knock a batter down."



BOB FELLER  
PITCHER  
INDIANS

"No. I have no such pitch in my repertoire. Walter 'Big Train' Johnson of the Senators had so much speed that he'd deliberately

throw wide. He often said that one of his fast balls might kill a man if it hit his head. I used to throw much harder when I first came up. But never at a man's head."



CARL ERSKINE  
PITCHER  
DODGERS

"A deliberate pitch to hit a man has no place in baseball. But the duster is a pitch a pitcher must have. He uses it to set up a bat-

ter for the next pitch. That may strike him out. Sometimes the pitch to drive a batter back is the only defense a pitcher has."



LARRY DOBY  
OUTFIELDER  
INDIANS

"An inside pitch is okay, but I don't like to see it coming at my head. Baseball should always be a game of skill. The duel between the pitcher and batter is the most interesting part of baseball. But the batter should never serve as a target for the pitcher."



SAL MAGLIER  
PITCHER  
GIANTS

"A pitcher would be nuts not to throw the duster. If I'm throwing low and away, they're going to lean over the plate to hit."

Pafko did that once and took a game away from me. A fast ball, high and inside, might have saved that game. Pafko doesn't lean over the plate any more against me."



ALVIN DARK  
SHORTSTOP  
GIANTS

"Certainly. He'd be crazy not to throw an occasional duster. It's a valuable pitch because it makes some batters overcautious."

If a pitcher can get an out by brushing a man back, I don't blame him. That's baseball. I don't think there are many pitchers who will deliberately bean a batter."



"What's you mean, 'strike him out'? Do you know how much more money he gets than me?"



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## PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines

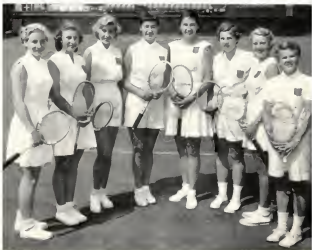


**HAZEL WIGHTMAN** (above), most durable champion in tennis if not of all sport, is still a fine player at the age of 67. This year the Newton, Mass. grandmother won the national senior doubles championship for her 44th American title. Since 1921, when she first established the Wightman Cup for international competition with England, Hazel Wightman has been America's queen mother of tennis. In recent years, a Junior Wightman Cup squad has been named to honor the brightest young women tennis stars. The 1954 **JUNIOR WIGHTMAN TEAM** (right) consists (from left) of Darlene Hard, Janet Hoppe, Karol Fageros, Patricia Stewart, Ruth Jeffry, Judy Devlin, Barbara Brett and Belmar Gundersen. The Misses Fageros, Stewart and Hard are repeaters from the 1953 team. This year, pretty Karol Fageros has won the Canadian national singles championship, 16-year-old Barbara Brett the national girls' title. Darlene Hard, still a junior in tennis ranks, startled experts by reaching the semifinals of the nationals at Forest Hills before losing to Louise Brough, 1947 national singles champion.

**CARL HOGGARD**, president of the Research Institute of America, is a dedicated yachtsman. When told the famed old Nevins yacht yard on New York's City Island would have to close due to low-cost competition from foreign builders, Hoggard bought the yard, plans to maintain it as one of the last remaining centers for servicing big sailing yachts.



**FREYDIS LEAF**, 32-year-old brunette six-footer from Kewington, England, is the first woman ever to win the British air-ming championship. A wartime ferry pilot with 2,360 flying hours, Freydis now serves as air advisor to the Women's Junior Air Corps. The former debutante flew her Miles Hawk Major to victory against a tough 16-man field.



## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

Now that we are riding hard into our sixth week of publication, I thought you might like to look at a guidepost which marked the trail at the very start. An early document of SI is one which Assistant Managing Editor Richard Johnston wrote to literary agents and authors interested in submitting material for the new magazine.

*We are interested in everything in the field of sport—spectator or participant. We define the field as including all sporting competition, whether between human beings or between human beings and natural forces. Thus, baseball obviously is a sport, by*



WEIDMAN



GALLICO



SKINNER



MAULDIN

*our definition, but so is mountain climbing, cave crawling, hiking, and—of course—hunting and fishing.*

*The new sport magazine will not seek a uniform style from its writers, and whenever it is possible and consistent with editorial standards we will respect the individual style and personality of the author. The standards will be high, with first emphasis on clarity and precision of meaning. We will expect accurate and perceptive reporting, believable dialog and exact characterization. We are not interested in idealizing either sports or sports figures. In short, we hope to provide not a fan magazine, but a necessary magazine for sports fans.*

Long before the first issue of SI, we were pleased that this new idea in sports journalism struck a responsive chord not only with writers firmly established as reporters of sport, but with many who were working primarily in other fields and who saw in this magazine a welcome chance to write on sports.

Thus, in addition to articles by our hard-hitting line-up of sports experts, you will soon be reading pieces by Alec Waugh, James T. Farrell, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Cleveland Amory, and Bill Mauldin, to name just a few. Novelist Jerome Weidman has already appeared in these pages, with more to come. In this issue Paul Gallico returns to sport after a long absence (page 53). And for our first fiction, William Heuman contributes a story, *Brooklyn's Loar* (page 31), whose timeliness should probably be noted only with the reservation contained in its last line.

*Harry Phillips*

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# HIP-POCKET HUNTER

Once a small-boy pest, the trusty slingshot is becoming a respected sporting weapon

by DUANE DECKER

**B**EFORE juvenile delinquency got violent, the slingshot was considered to be the No. 1 item of the delinquent. Since that time when it rated as the top toy pest of American youth, it's hit the comeback trail in many areas in a manner that is downright respectable. Today the woods, and not the streets, is where it's being used.

The slingshot got its bad name because it was mostly a weapon for popping somebody you didn't like in the backside. It's still banned in many sections of the country today. But quite a few adults have discovered that it is a pretty sportmanlike weapon for hunting small game. The slingshot fans have grown into a large though scattered bunch, with some of them even forming clubs. And they claim that their weapon is more sporting than the rifle or the bow and arrow, and a lot less dangerous to life and limb. You can get squirrels, rabbits, pheasant and quail in season—and before the season opens, if your aim is sharp, there's always a good mess of frogs' legs just waiting to be taken.

## A KENTUCKY WINDAGE DEAL

Just how sharp your aim will get depends—as with everything else in sports—upon how much practice you put in on it. This hip-pocket weapon gives you no sights or arrows to guide your eye. It's on a sort of Kentucky windage basis. That's tougher on the hunter, easier on the squirrel. It follows, therefore, that the slingshot actually is more sportmanlike than gun or bow.

One nice point about the slingshot is that it can be used with perfect safety in your basement or rumpus room. Just hang a sturdy piece of canvas over a strung piece of rope, then pin a ready-made paper target on it (or paint your own target right on the canvas). You'll find that your round little ammo will flop gently to the floor in the same shape it was when you fired it. Or, if you want a fancier target than that, get hold of an old keg. Stuff a worn-out blanket in it, rolled into ball for-



mation, or an old pillow. Then hang the target from the top of the keg's opening, let fly and no harm will be done to you, spectators or ammo.

A slingshotter doesn't even have to whittle his own weapon any more. They are professionally made nowadays in wood, plywood and aluminum. About three dollars will get you as good a one as you'd want.

For ammunition, the cheapest and probably the best is 7 16 steel ball. It can be bought in any machine shop. A dime, or a nickel, will get you most of a season's supply. However, there are some hip-pocket hunters who prefer to use regular No. 6 backshot, which works just fine too.

One of the best slings that can be bought is the Wham-O Sportsman. It is made of plywood, which is very strong, and its powerful rubber bands make it accurate and highly effective.

But if you'd rather make your own, hark back to the technique of your father's or grandfather's day. They used to cut a three-pronged branch of sturdy quality—hickory or dogwood is best. A jackknife whittled it down to a nice stubby size. Then they tied the three prongs together, drawing in both the outside branches as tightly as possible and tying them to the middle one. The

U-shape they achieved was very desirable to the finished product.

A slow oven baked it overnight, "setting" it in the desired shape. Then the center prong was sawed out, and two strips of inner tube or two rubber bands about 1/16 inch thick, 5/8 inch wide and 8 inches long attached. With a home-made sling like this, a good shooter could bring home the fixings for many a squirrel pie.

## STEADY STANCE AND CAREFUL EYE

In shooting there's almost no difference between the stance taken with the sling and that taken with the bow and arrow. For best form, your body should be at absolute right angles to the target. Your feet should be spread apart to give you a firm stand. Distribute your weight evenly on both feet. Be steady and comfortable—then bring your pouch up to your right eye. Sight the target and, as you do, don't pull the right arm back, ever. Instead, push the left arm slowly forward. Always keep the shot cup at the level of your eye.

The legal open season for small game hunting with the slingshot, in most states, is the same as it is for archers. In other words you'll never have to worry about stray rifle shots, but you should be sure to check your local ordinances and find out if slingshots are permitted. And if you tackle the sport before you've become too good a marksman, there's another quarry around you. Bring a small bag along, and you can always beat the swift squirrels at their own game: that is to say, fill the bag nice and full of nuts. Then, at least, nobody can say you came home empty-handed, can they?





# SPORTS

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**COVER:** *Flag for a Steer*  
Calgary, Alberta

Photograph by HY PERKIN

Five rodeos on the North American circuit are more colorful than the Calgary Stampede (see pp. 16-22) and few rodeo events are as spectacular as steer decorating in which the rider leaps from his mount to slip a tiny flag over the steer's horns while an outsider keeps the animal from swerving.

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

### THE TRUE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

The president of the Fighting Irish, Father Theodore Hesburgh, analyzes it in words and Mark Knaftman captures it IN COLOR

**SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS...**  
*Admirer, that is, from Gorgeous Gamine Moran, on the perils of pro tennis*

**FOOTBALL: THE WONDERFUL WEST**  
*In his second regional survey Herman Hickman sweeps on to the Pacific*

**THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP**  
*The real story of the big fight as only Budd Schulberg can report it*

SEPTEMBER 20, 1954

# SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



BIGGEST CROWD IN BASEBALL HISTORY LOOKS ON AS

# THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

Casey Stengel's proud Yankees, playing at a clip that has won them five World Championships, went into Cleveland this week and met a better team—the 1954 Cleveland Indians, who did not “choke up”

by ROGER KAHN

## CLEVELAND

*“Attention, please!” boomed the impersonal voice of the loud-speaker at Cleveland’s Municipal Stadium, breaking in on the second game of the Indians’ Sunday double-header with the New York Yankees. “Today’s paid attendance is 85,587, the most that ever saw a regular season major league game.” The crowd applauded but quieted down when the speaker boomed again. “Attention, please. Today’s attendance, including passes, is 86,563, the most that ever saw a major league game.” This time the crowd was permitted to cheer its own magnificence without interruption.*

This impressive compliment fully digested, the largest crowd that ever gathered to watch a baseball game went back to the fascinated contemplation of what had brought most of them to Municipal Stadium in the first place—the Cleveland Indians’ effective demonstration that they are a better team than the five-time World Champion New York Yankees. As drama, it might very well have been entitled *The Twilight of the Gods*. While a band played brassily in left field, the Yankees followed Thor and Wotan into eclipse.

The inevitable end of the champions did not dull the spectacle. The Yankees died hard, and Cleveland watched with deep-grained satisfaction. Yankee Manager Casey Stengel chose one of his best, 25-year-old Left-hander Whitey Ford, to pitch the first game. Cleveland’s Al Lopez reached into his deep bin of pitchers—richest in baseball—and picked



**BASEBALL FANS**—most of them Cleveland bulls—some from hundreds of miles away, packed Municipal Stadium with 86,563.

WYNN MOWS YANKS DOWN



**GOING ALL OUT** against the Yankees, Cleveland's Larry Doby belly-whopped

into third in the first game and avoided tag of startled infielder Andy Carey.

Right-hander Bob Lemon, winner of 21 games this year. For a while, until Ford wrenched his shoulder with a side-arm throw, it was a pitchers' game: 1-1 in the sixth. Then Casey Stengel called on Allie Reynolds, 37, once the possessor of the most effective fast ball in the league.

#### THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE

Al Rosen, third baseman for the Indians, stepped to the plate. He was a college boy when Allie Reynolds was a major leaguer. With two men on base, he hit a slider into right center field. The ball skipped past Mickey Mantle for a two-base hit and two runs scored. After that, Bob Lemon never gave the Yankees a chance. At the end of the first game the score was 3-1 for the Indians, and the Yankees were 7½ games out of first place.

Stengel had lost with his best. For the second game he turned to an old

Yankee castoff—Tommy Byrne, the 34-year-old left-hander who had been hurriedly called in from Seattle only 10 days before. Against him Al López sent Gus Wynn (20-11 for the season). Wynn throws every known pitch, including a wildly breaking knuckle ball, and in the first inning Yogi Berra, the Yankee catcher, hit one of them into the upper right-field stands for a two-run homer.

The Yankees held on until the fifth. Then the Indians caught up with Tommy Byrne. Wynn singled, Rookie Al Smith singled and hard-hitting Bobby Avila, the league's likely batting champion, singled again. Home came Wynn, barely safe under a high throw from the outfield. "Just missed him," said a Yankee on the bench.

"He threw it bad," muttered Casey Stengel, sensing catastrophe. "Too high to be cut off."

Stengel was right, as usual. Another

Enos Paul

hit, a double by Wally Westlake, sent two more Indians home. After that, the Indians left it to Gus Wynn, and in the fading light he almost seemed to toy with the World Champions. After the first inning, the Yankees got only one hit, and that was a bunt.

Casey Stengel was not through. He called on Enos Slaughter, the old Cardinal, to pinch-hit in the ninth. Slaughter let a knuckle ball sweep by for the third strike. Now came Mickey Mantle, the 22-year-old picked to replace the great Joe DiMaggio. Mantle struck out, for the 100th time this season.

#### STRIKE-OUT NO. 12

Finally it was the turn of Yogi Berra, the 29-year-old gnome around whom the Yankees of 1955 can hope to rebuild. A home run would have tied the score, and Yogi had hit 20 this season. But Gus Wynn had given up his home run for the day. The Yankee catcher swung mightily and became his twelfth strike-out victim.

Some of Wynn's fellow Indians hugged him as he walked from the pitcher's mound. Others turned and shouted "Choke-up!" in the direction of the Yankee bench.

No one had taunted the Yankees in this manner for years, but the Indians had full right to their moment. For three years in a row they have finished second to the Yankees. They have heard, for the three years, the intolerable chant that they were the ones who choked up in the pennant stretch. This spring, the Indians' captain, Al Rosen, took up the "choke-up" charge in an exasperated declaration: "We don't lose to the Yankees because we choke

#### STENGEL'S BIG SIX

In six years as manager of the Yankees, Casey Stengel has won five World Championship-hits. This year, ironically, the Yankees have played at a better clip than ever. Yankee victories (with 11 games to play) as compared with their full-season totals in the past:

	Won	Lost	%
1954	95	48	.664
1953	99	52	.656
1952	95	59	.617
1951	88	56	.636
1950	98	56	.636
1949	97	57	.630

Cleveland, with 104 victories, 40 losses, was .722 this week. If the Indians maintain this pace in their remaining 10 games, they will win the pennant with the highest average in American League history.

up. We lose to the Yankees because they're a better team."

But the fans of Cleveland, some of whom had come from hundreds of miles, were gentle. There was little hooting of the dying gods. Most of them knew—the Yankees knew, that the 1954 Yankees were finishing one of their best seasons. At week's end, and with 11 more games to play, the World Champions had won 95 games. In most seasons that many victories would have won the American League pennant (see box). But this time even the Yankees seemed to sense that time had run out on them. They tried to joke about it before the double-header.

In the morning, as buses and trains and planes poured fans into Cleveland, the Yankees ate breakfast at the Hotel Cleveland.

"Did you come to bury us?" Jerry Coleman, an alert infielder, asked a visiting writer from New York.

"The slowly dying Yankees," Charlie Silvera, substitute catcher, read aloud from a local newspaper. "The slowly dying Yankees," he repeated. "Very funny."

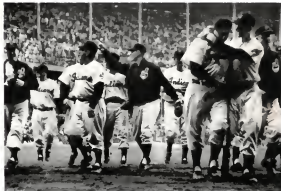
"I defy anyone," Manager Casey Stengel barked, "to say this team ain't worth a quarter. I don't want to blow up another club because the race is still going, you can be sure, and we get paid to win, not blow up other clubs, but Cleveland has played tree-mendous and we been trying to catch 'em, so how can you say our team ain't worth a quarter?"

Around the batting cage before the game the Indians matched the Yankee edginess with nonchalance. "It's a not rough," said Bobby Avila. "All year we play, now we play. We play okay."

#### NO HAND-HOLDING

Said Al Lopez: "I don't have to go in there to talk to my players and hold their hands. We've got players now who like to play. They know what's going on. I don't have to go in there and talk to them like they were children."

After the double-header was over, Casey Stengel was still giving out his own brand of unpunctuated chatter. "I ain't conceding," he said, "but they won because they got amazing pitching like I have never seen in six years in the league and they was well-managed and they won all those games from those other clubs which makes me wonder why some of those other clubs that is always worrying about the Yankees this the Yankees that don't get the idea and start worrying about themselves."



**RAREST SIGHT IN BASEBALL** came after second game when victorious Cleveland Indians threw taunts at the beaten Yankees as they marched off the field.

### ... AND THE PERILS OF PAULINE

**M**EANWHILE, back at the ranch... The Milwaukee Braves got lost in a hurricane, the Brooklyn Dodgers just missed being scalped and the New York Giants walked innocently into the path of an onrushing express train. In short, *The Perils of Pauline*, National League style, was an erratic story with each exciting episode ending in near disaster.

The Milwaukee Braves roared into Brooklyn riding a 10-game winning streak as the Brooklyn fans hissed to the last man. The Milwaukee villains had won 15 games out of 18, 36 out of 45, to move from fourth place, 15 games back, to second, only 3½ games behind the league-leading Giants. They were new characters in the thickening plot, suddenly a greater threat to the Giants than the Dodgers. A fearful Giant was heard to ask, "Don't those guys ever lose?"

They did, all right, but to a hurricane named Edna. Edna was passing Long Island on Friday night and she spewed rain on Ebbets Field. A fine, drifting spray began soon after the game got under way and kept up until the umpires had to call time in the last of the fourth with Brooklyn leading 2-1. After an hour and five minutes, play was resumed, though Edna was still getting in her wet licks. Five outs and 16 minutes later, time was called again. But those five outs stretched the game to 4½ innings, making the game legal in base-

ball's fine print (see Red Smith, p. 64.) The umpires, the ballplayers and the crowd (which gradually shrank from 13,906 to a handful of huddled diehards) waited again, two full hours, until 12:50 a.m. Then the game was called off. In the stands, a musician with a sense of timing stood up under an umbrella and played *Taps*. Milwaukee had lost.

After that it was curtains for the Braves. They lost three straight, while Brooklyn returned from the near dead with a five-game winning streak to recapture second place.

Came the dawn on Monday and the Giants were still first. But there were perils yet to come in the last act. The script called for the Giants to play 12 more games—and half of them were with the Braves and Dodgers.



**DIETARD FANS WAIT IN EBBETS FIELD**

## PEPPER MARTIN SLIDES AGAIN... PISTOLS AT TURIN

## Decibels

WHILE baseball's flannelled warriors strove at the gates of Valtella last week (with Cleveland and Giant fans full of anticipatory delight, Yankee, Milwaukee and Brooklyn followers vocal with dogged, mathematical hope), new heroes emerged into the limelight on land and sea:

► The most surprising, most dogged, most long-suffering was a demure 16-year-old Toronto high-school girl named Marilyn Bell who became the first human to swim the 32-mile width of Lake Ontario from Youngstown, N.Y. to the Canadian shore near her home city. Marilyn stayed at her grueling chore after Channel Swimmer Florence Chadwick gave up, fought winds and rough waves, was almost—but not quite—conquered by exhaustion half a dozen times before she reached the Toronto seawall (see page 23).

► Eugene ("Gene") Walet III of New Orleans, who started the yachting world last year by winning the Mallory Cup in the North American Sailing Championship at the tender age of 18, successfully defended his prize in a Lightning Class craft on Louisiana's Lake Ponchartrain (see page 47).

► The Kentucky-bred three-year-old Never Say Die brought tears of joy to the eyes of his owner—78-year-old New York Financier Robert Sterling Clark—by winning England's historic and testing St. Leger by 12 lengths (see page 25).

► Meanwhile, the U.S. college football season began—so quietly, so diffidently, so far out in the brakes and the bushes that hardly anyone noticed. Nevertheless there were scores: Wayne (Neb.) 13, Augustana (S.D.) 7; Youngstown (Ohio) 13, Gustavus Adolphus (Minn.) 7; Huron (S.D.) 0; Concordia (Minn.) 12, North Dakota State 0; Central Michigan 26, Milwaukee State 7; Peru (Neb.) 14, Panhandle A & M (Okla.) 7.

## Dressed to kill

PEPPER MARTIN was in the news last week, a wire-service item from Norfolk, Va., reporting that Pepper at the age of 30 had pinch-hit a double for his Portsmouth Merrimacs, the team he manages in the Class B Piedmont League. Pepper is, of course, the old Gas House Cardinal whose rambluncious, hell-for-leather, dirty-unbent play excited major-league fans for 12 years.

About the same time another item

arrived, this one reporting that at the International Softball League tournament in Selma, Calif., the Dayton (Ohio) Nationals had been selected as the "best-dressed team" in the tournament. What with memories persisting of the hawk-nosed Martin belly-whopping into third, dust spurring up all around, the news from Selma seemed somehow depressing.

## Glenn Scobey Warner

BEC-BODIED Pop Warner entered college football as a player at Cornell in 1892—in the era, as he liked to describe it, of "tousled hair and over-stuffed pants." He was a dominant figure in the game for almost half a century. He burst into prominence as a coach at Carlisle's Indian school; with Jim Thorpe and other mighty redskins he made life miserable for Harvard, Princeton and Yale in the early years of the century. At Pittsburgh and Stanford, during the decades of football's emergence as a truly national sport, Warner reigned as a brooding colossus of strategy. He invented the single-wing and double-wing system of attack

and brought them to their zenith of effectiveness; in the late '20s and early '30s there were but two ways to play the game, the Warner way and the Rockne way and disciples of the two giants preached the rival gospels with missionary fervor from coast to coast.

The massive Warner reputation and the impressive Warner manner, however, hid a strain of roguishness, of gleeful opportunism—which produced, among other stunts which pained early rules committees, the famed hidden-ball trick. It was this aspect of his character that many of his graying former players recalled last week after Warner died, victim of cancer at 83, in Palo Alto Hospital. Hal McCreery, who was captain of Warner's Stanford University team of 1927, hesitated not a second in recalling his most vivid memory of the grand old man. It concerned Stanford's game with the University of Washington, played on a dirt field which had been reduced to a quagmire by rain (labeled, Stanford always suspected, by judicious use of a fire hose). The Stanford attack depended on speed and the passing of Fullback

## WOMEN HAVE NO PLACE IN A BULL RING

NOVELLA Patricia McCormick, who has fought 80 bulls and proved her courage every time, was knocked down by one at Villa Acuña, Mexico last week and was goosed in the groin and through the bladder. It was her third goosing since she began practicing secretly for the bull ring while an art student at Texas Western College. She is 24 and very pretty.

In sports which involve the killing of animals the objective is to kill clean and quick. If a display of courage is involved at all, as in the killing of dangerous animals, it is only incidental to the real objective. For it is form which makes such things sport—form in the killing of a trout with a fly, or shooting birds on the wing, or taking a lion with a well-placed shot from a rifle of sufficient caliber to do the job well. It is not sport to use inferior weapons which are likely only to wound.

On this subject, with which he is very familiar, Ernest Hemingway has made some observations in *Death in the Afternoon*. They seem apropos as Patricia McCormick lies under opiates in a Texas hospital, where in semiconscious she told her mother that she would go out to fight the bulls again.

In the old days, Hemingway says, the bulls were bigger, fiercer, older, less easily controlled. The matadors, in turn, were mature men of long apprenticeship who knew how to make the final sword thrust without butchery. But in time the bulls



were bred smaller, put into the ring younger and what showmen know as hokum was introduced in cape work.

"It is the decadence of the modern bull that has made modern bullfighting possible," says Hemingway. "It is a decadent art in every way and like most decadent things it reaches its fullest flower at its rottenest point, which is the present."

The present seems not to have changed much for the better since Hemingway put out his book in 1932. As wrestling decayed in the same period, bouts between women wrestlers became more frequent, and as bullfighting decayed, more and more women were putting on the tight pants of the matador and treating the crowds to spectacles rather than sport.

At week's end, Novella McCormick was still on the critical list.



Bill Hoffman, and bogged down horribly in the first half.

"Every time the halfbacks tried to run they fell on their faces," McCreery said. "Biff, who had to grip the ball to throw it, might as well have been trying to grab a piece of quicksilver. At half time we were behind 7 to 0. In the dressing room Pop went over to Biff and said, 'Show me how you grip the ball.' Then he got a thumbtack and taped it to the inside of Biff's index finger so the point just stuck out of the tape. That thumbtack did it. Biff, who could throw the ball farther than any man I ever knew, just reared back and dropped it in Dick Hyland's arms twice in the second half and we won the game 14 to 7."

### Texas businessmen

WHEN the Detroit Lions turned up in Dallas last week (for an exhibition game with the Cleveland Browns—see page 28), Detroit's Doak Walker and Cloyce Box found time for practice and skull sessions only through careful budgeting of their time. Box, a one-time West Texas State hero, owns a Buick agency in Belton, Texas and an interest in the Johnson-Box Construction Company of Fort Worth. Walker, an old Southern Methodist star, owns the Doak Walker Sports Center, a retail store in Dallas. Together, the two own an interest in a 225-unit housing development near Killeen, Texas, are Texas associates in the whopping George A. Fuller Construction Co., are state distributors of a plastic-bag firm and are involved in sundry oil deals and other distributorships.

Both hit Dallas ahead of their Detroit teammates so as to have time for one business meeting after another. Walker, in fact, hustled downtown on the afternoon of the game. "We're supposed to eat at four and rest until the kickoff," he said with a worried air. "But I've got to make a personal appearance at 4:15 at E. M. Kahn & Co. [clothing who handle Doak Walker 'personally designed' slacks] and I've got a lot of calls to make."

What about rumors that Doak will retire this year? "He has to," said Cloyce Box. "He can't get the time to play football any more."

### The man who came back

NO MATTER what happens to the Yankees, there can be no denying that they enjoyed a splendid and bracing experience in their first game with Baltimore last week. They won. This was more difficult than it might sound. The lowly Orioles started Pitcher Bob Turley (11 wins, 15 losses), and Turley fanned 12 men—a 1954 strike-out record against the Yanks.

But big, drawing Yankee left-hander Tommy Byrne ruined Turley's act. He not only limited the Orioles to two runs but hit a triple in the third, drove

in three runs with a double in the fourth and went the distance with ease and aplomb. All this was both heartening and astounding for Byrne—known for both speed and wildness during his early years in the majors—was shucked off by the Yankees back in 1951 and, by the law of averages, should never have been seen in a Yankee uniform again.

When the Yanks turned him loose he drifted from the desolate Browns through the White Sox to the Washington Senators. With a peculiar lack of feeling Washington's Clark Griffith peddled him to Charleston—one day

### CO-ED TALKING TO HERSELF



I wonder if, in those huddles, They're always talking shop; I told Randy to hint to Frank To ask me to the hop.

—Barney Hutchinson

before he would have become a major league "10-year man" subject to the maximum player pension and the right of free agency before being hunted to the minors. Disenchanted, Byrne won only one game last season.

Seattle nonetheless picked him up in a winter trade. "We have a chance to get Tommy Byrne," said Rainier Manager Jerry Priddy to Casey Stengel. "What do you think?"

"Get him," snapped Casey. "The fella'll drive you crazy with walks, but pitch him reg'lar and he'll pitch himself out of it. I fought the front office when we let him go. The fella's still got an arm."

Seattle did more. They treated Byrne well. He was given a percentage of his sale price and Seattle General Manager Dewey Soriano promised to make an all-out effort to get him his "one more day" in the big leagues. Seattle players were told: "If Tommy talks about being wild, change the subject. Tell him his control is good. Tell him the umpires are robbing him."

Byrne responded by winning 20 games. Between pitching chores he played first base and in the outfield. He worked in relief. He coached first base. And he hit—he whacked out seven home runs and piled up the team's second-highest batting average, a respectable .293. After each of his victories General Manager Soriano sent out 16 identical telegrams, addressed to

each major league club, detailing his at-bats, walks, his earned-run average and other milestones in his heart-warming comeback. After his 20th victory Soriano sent a wire to Casey Stengel and to Yankee General Manager George Weiss: "Byrne wins No. 20. Struck out seven. Now has 199 strikeouts against only 18 walks. Byrne control amazing." Two nights later in Portland Soriano and Manager Priddy called the pitcher to their hotel room.

"You're going to get that extra day, Tommy," said Priddy. "You're going back up."

Byrne rubbed his head. "If I stayed here I could pitch you into the first division, partner."

"Tell him who," said Priddy. "The Yankees, Tommy," said Soriano. "They want you right away."

The husky, Maryland-born pitcher did not speak for a while. Then he said, "Say, now, that's real nice. The Yankees. I didn't think they'd ever want me back." He grinned then and shook his head slowly. He looked at the telephone on its night stand. "Does anybody mind if I call my wife?"

### Baseball in Europe

AUTHOR James T. Farrell writes in about the first tournament of the European Baseball Federation, which he watched in Antwerp this summer:

To the American, European baseball is both a comedy of errors and touchingly idealistic. The players are eager and they try very hard, but they are lacking in the fundamentals. A few vital statistics will give Americans an idea of the stage of development.

Teams representing Italy, Spain, Belgium and Germany participated in this year's four-game tournament. In the championship game, played before about 600 spectators, Italy took Spain 7-4. According to the official box scores of the four games there were 70 errors and 55 hits. The longest hits were doubles and one or two were accidents.

The Italians were relatively impressive. Their pitchers struck out 25, walked only six. Moreover, they definitely played to win. In all this they reflected the devoted coaching of an American named Horace J. McGarity, superintendent of the U.S. military cemetery at Nettuno.

Unfortunately the McGarity-Italian approach did not endear itself to the audience at Antwerp. In the final game, an Italian base-runner slid home and was tagged out—but the catcher dropped the ball. When the umpire insisted that the Italian was out, McGarity walked out to protest—and explain. The umpire ignored him, and McGarity got no sympathy from the crowd. "Playing to win!" sneered a Belgian near me.

The two big problems of European baseball are those of umpiring and scoring. In Europe the umpire is more im-

portant than in America and only the manager or captain of a team may protest him. The umpires take their role with a sense of great importance and will not allow their dignity to be trod upon. After the tournament games, many crowded around the chief umpires and congratulated them on their work. Umpires must be trained. Courses are given for umpires in all the countries. In Belgium it lasts 16 weeks and sessions are held once a week. But despite the importance of the umpires, the fans sometimes insult them. When provoked beyond patience, Spaniards call them jackasses. Italians, alas, have been known to shout "Cuckold!"

Baseball developed in Italy and Germany after the war. When the beachheads had been secured GIs wanted to play ball. The Italians learned some of the rules of the game, tried their hand at softball and graduated to baseball. The Spaniards learned their baseball from the Puerto Ricans. The Belgians played baseball before the last war and one finds old ballplayers in Antwerp. (The game was introduced by Japanese sailors who would play near the docks when their ships were in port.) Most of the German players are teen-agers. At a banquet held after the final game they were cheered enthusiastically. This happened in Belgium—a nation that, less than 10 years before, had still been occupied by the German army.

Baseball is completely amateur in Europe. American baseball language is used officially, and fans and players are beginning to use American baseball terms. The Germans call a double play "Eier mit Schinken" (ham and eggs). It is a strange and unusual experience to see Belgians, Germans, Spaniards and Italians talking of hits, outs, errors and double plays and to talk with them about Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb. And to hear in old Europe the cry "Play ball!" Regardless of how well or badly the game is played in Europe, our national game has now struck roots on the continent.

#### The gunmen

**D**IPLOMAT of pole vaulter, it matters not—turn a Russian loose in the Western world and before you can say Jack Rabbit he is collecting refrigerators, elevator shoes, ladies' nylon underwear or hair oil, with the scuttling fervor of a field mouse in the chicken feed. Few, however, have been quite so carried away as the Russian athletes who invaded Turin the other day for the European Swimming Championships. A toy store, the United Press reports, was their undoing. Four Russians invaded the place with an interpreter, demanding an explanation of the plastic water pistols in the window. The weapons were filled and squirted. The Russians watched with incredulous joy. They bought. More Russians soon showed up to be armed. The next day

they entered the stadium beaming, yanked their weapons out from under their sweat shirts and sprayed their Iron Curtain colleagues, rocking with helpless laughter.

From then on, every toy store in Turin was under siege. Hungarians bought water pistols. Czechs bought them. Poles bought them. Romanians bought them. Spectators at the meet were treated not only to championship swimming matches (Hungary won), but to endless wild West duels as well. By the time the well-squirted Communists departed, the price of water pistols in Turin jumped from 150 lire to 250.

#### Skin diver

**T**his was a man who had taken up skin diving in a small way, on weekends.

"It's the coldest sport I've ever known," he said. "It's incredible. I use a snorkel, a breathing tube, but I try not to stay under more than 15 minutes at a time. When I come up and pull myself on to the beach or a rock, I'm shaking. Literally shaking. Lying there in the sun with the temperature in the 90s and I'm shaking. I've got a good layer of fat too."

The question was put: Why? Because, like Everest, it's there? He laughed. "No," he said. "It's a chal-

lenge, but not like Everest, not like skiing. It's strange. It's the awkwardest damn thing to get into. You have on these flippers. Sometimes try to walk with flippers. You feel like a fool. You go out, say, when the tide is out, and there's all this flat, black muck, just sticking. Dirty shells all around and stinky rocks and seaweed. Awful. You can't dive into the water, because of the face mask and you can't find a rock and push off because of barnacles.

"It's the awkwardest thing. It's hot and glaring and you feel foolish. You work your way far enough and then you sort of slide forward and sink into the water. And just like that, it's all changed. It's like a cathedral, all soft, diffused light and the sun touching the surface of the water above you. The muck on the rocks is like velvet and the seaweed is floating, each piece standing up by itself and waving slowly back and forth.

"It's quiet, but it's not deathly quiet. You can hear things. You can hear a lot of things under water. Motors, metal on metal, things like that. But it's different. It's soft and it's peaceful. You're suspended sort of weightless, and you move almost without effort, like in slow motion. The most completely relaxing thing I know."

"Cold," he said, "but wonderful."

## SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

# HORSE UP; RIDER DOWN

In one mighty, man-high lunge a wild bronco throws his rider to the ground and menaces him with pawing hooves

**H**IGH SPOT of the Canadian summer for rodeo followers is the six-day Calgary Stampede, which draws tens of thousands to Alberta to cheer the toughest and best of rodeo cowboys. The spectators are rewarded with the thrill of sights like this wildly leaping horse, photographed at the peak of his bound by SI's Hy Peskin, who also made the other arresting color photographs on the following pages.

Calgary's rodeo is not only one of the most famous and spectacular of the year's big meetings but, like the Pendleton Roundup, which takes place in Oregon this week, and the three-week Madison Square Garden rodeo starting in New York at the end of September, it is one which rewards winners with some of the richest purses on the year-round rodeo wheel. These three rodeos attract some of the top hands among the roughly 1,000 professional cowboys who last year competed for \$3 million at 600 rodeos—men like Casey Tibbs, Deb Copenhaver and Harry Tompkins.

At Calgary this year a record attendance of 482,281 saw the circuit-riders win \$30,000 in prize money before moving on to other rodeos at Deadwood, S.D., Billings, Mont., Vinita, Okla. and scores more.





Clawing hoofs send cowhands scrambling during wild horse race in which the contestants try to saddle



bucking, kicking horses and ride them across finish line. It is one of the most dangerous rodeo feats



In a wild-cow milking contest the riders lasso the animals while their partners rush to milk them



In steer-decorating contest cowhand leaps from his horse to slip a tiny flag over rushing steer's horn





Off goes the rider after he loses grip on cinch handle. He gained points by spurring mount on neck.



Plunging horse misses fallen rider. At right, a boy competitor clings desperately to a heaving steer.

Lurching steer fails to dislodge another rider after 10 seconds.



## MARILYN'S BIG SURPRISE

**MARILYN BELL**, 16-year-old Toronto schoolgirl, was tired even before she stepped into Lake Ontario one night last week. She had been up since early morning, waiting at Youngstown, N.Y. for the weather to clear. But shortly before midnight Marilyn entered the dark, choppy water and set out at a strong, 50-strokes-a-minute pace for Toronto, 32 miles away. At the same moment, the world's most famous channel swimmer, San Diego's Florence Chadwick, churned off for the same goal.

Champion Chadwick, of course, was the center of attention. But by morning the focus shifted. Chadwick was out of the water, sick and exhausted after 15 miles. It seemed impossible, but 16-year-old Marilyn was still out there, thrashing away for Toronto and keeping up a steady 50-a-minute stroke.

By night, the news brought 250,000 to the Toronto waterfront. Out in the lake, Marilyn struggled against cold and exhaustion, but training and experience (she swam a 26-mile marathon around Atlantic City in July) brought her through. "Look, Marilyn," a voice said, "just over there." After 20 hours, 57 minutes, she made land. Proud Canadians showered her with more than \$50,000 in prizes and gifts.



ON STRETCHER LATER MARILYN SAID, "I CAN'T STOP GRINNING"



MARILYN'S HEAD BOBBED TIREDLY WITHIN SIGHT OF TORONTO SKYLINE AS TRAINER SHOUTED ENCOURAGEMENT FROM BOAT



**GROUP PORTRAIT** showing most of the top-rung professional women golfers was taken on the practice green at Glen Echo Country Club before play began in

the St. Louis Women's Open. Reading clockwise from center foreground they are: Louise Suggs, Atlanta; Mariene Bauer, Sarasota, Fla.; Betty Hicks, Durham, N.C.;

Betty MacKinnon, Savannah; Betty Jameson, San Antonio; Fay Crocker, Montevideo, Uruguay; Betsy Rawls, Spartanburg, S.C. (the eventual winner); Pat O'Sullivan,



**DOVE HUNTERS** near Louisville, lined up at twilight with guns at the ready, offered an eloquently simple reminder that fall, the hunter's season, is almost at hand. These men were in a group of 60 hunting on the farm of a Louisville businessman, Bert

Finzer, who has a mass opening-day shoot every year. The hunters are pictured here as they wait near an apple orchard for fast, elusive doves to appear and offer a fleeting target before diving to their roosts in the tree branches.



Orange, Conn.: Patty Berg, St. Andrews, Ill. and (center) Beverly Hanson, Indio, Calif. Notable absentee: Babe Zaharias, who withdrew before the tournament started because she did not feel well.



**GIANT TUNA** caught by Marielo L. Guerra of Tampico, Mexico was one of five taken by Mexican team during International Tuna Cup matches off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. Guerra's 656-pound catch helped his team to its second straight championship. U.S. was second, Argentina third.



**NEVER SAY DIE.** Kentucky-bred and U.S.-owned horse which won the Epsom Derby in June, romped home 12 lengths ahead in the historic St. Leger at Doncaster, England to become the first American horse since 1881 to win both classics. In tears after

watching the race, the owner, 78-year-old Robert Sterling Clark, a New York financier who prefers to race his horses in Europe, gulped: "I'm too old to celebrate, but I'm just about the happiest man in the world today." For more about the victory, see p. 52.



**JUAN MANUEL FANGIO** coolly demonstrated his skill by taking close turns and clinging to the lead during Grand Prix of Italy at Monza. The onetime Argentine bar mechanic, 43, who leads Germany's crack Mercedes-Benz team on the Grand Prix

circuit, won the Monza race and firmly cemented his position as champion driver of the year (SI, Sept. 13) over such competitors as his onetime protégé, José Froilan Gonzalez, 33, who is shown, just as cool, at the wheel of the Ferrari trailing Fangio's Mercedes.



**JUNK HEAP** grew suddenly during stock-car race at State Fairgrounds in Syracuse, N.Y. when one car bounced off of a crash wall, was rammed by another and 26 more piled in. Two drivers and nine spectators were slightly hurt.



**STANLEY STEAMER** (vintage; 1905), driven by Paul J. Tusock, postmaster of Power Point, Ohio, was the hit of the Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally in Britain after it suffered a series of explosions, limped most of the way to finish, then collapsed.



**LONG STRETCH** by Gloria May of Fresno put out Phoenix Catcher Dot Willson during national women's softball tournament at Orange, Calif. Fresno won game 5-1, later swept tournament to gain second straight title.



**HIGH-SPEED SPILL** from skimming hydroplane left driver Bob Oliver soaked and shaken but not seriously injured. Oliver tumbled from his boat into Lake Dallas, Texas during local qualifying trials for the international outboard championships.



**FLYING SPEEDBOAT** took off after its engine broke loose during Long Beach, Calif. race. Owner-driver Paul Terbeegen, similarly dunked and seriously hurt last year, was tossed clear of the falling boat and suffered only bruised ankles.



**SCOTTISH HEAVYWEIGHT** strained mightily while tossing a 17-foot, 3-inch caber at annual Highland Games in Braemar, Scotland. Object is to heave caber so that small end in tosser's hand up-ends and lands as far away as possible.

# PRO FOOTBALL TUNES

PH: LUK



**LOS ANGELES:** HALFBACK MIELHENNY (39) OF SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS RAN 54 YARDS TO HELP BEAT RAMS, 28-27

WHAT may be the best running attack in professional football history was displayed last week by the San Francisco 49ers against a defensively bolstered Los Angeles Rams team and was good enough to win by a solitary point, 28 to 27. The teams looked that close in previous exhibitions this year, each massacring five identical opponents by almost identical scores.

A near sellout crowd of 84,527 at Los Angeles Coliseum, which saw Halfback Hugh McElhenny average a blistering 10.18 yards against the Rams, screamed as John Henry Johnson and Joe Perry ran like scalded dogs. In Y. A. (for

Yelberton Abraham) Tittle they watched a rare professional quarterback who need not depend on his passing game.

The Rams' left side of the line, which showed weakness against running plays last year, now is bulwarked as is their porous secondary. It is a vastly improved team as compared with the one which defeated the Champion Detroit Lions in both their 1953 games.

Outstanding is the fact that the Rams again have two top quarterbacks—Billy Wade for conjuror sleights in ball handling, Norm Van Brocklin for the long pass.

Outlook: thunder in the West.

## DETROIT AIMS FOR NO. 3 by ROGER TREAT

The Detroit Lions, National League football champions the past two years, are out this season to do the unprecedented—win three championships in a row. In preseason games they looked lethal (top, opposite), but so did such powerful elevens as the San Francisco 49ers, the Los Angeles Rams, the Philadelphia Eagles and the Cleveland Browns.

As the 12 pro teams open a 72-game National Football League season on September 26, spectators will see brilliant, bruising football, most of it straight T. From the T will come the passing of Otto Graham of Cleveland, Norm Van Brocklin of Los Angeles and Bobby Layne of Detroit.

Layne, in his seventh year of pro football, will quarterback a Lion backfield that includes two old pros of proven status, Bob Hoernschmeyer and Doak Walker. The defensive backfield is about as impregnable as can be found, and up front in the line the Lions need no sympathy. Line Coach Buster Ramsey should be a happy man.

San Francisco, only one game behind at 1953's end, may have picked up that game and more with the addition of John Henry Johnson, back from a year of Canadian football with a terrifying reputation. Quarterback Y. A. Tittle will have plenty of ammunition to shoot with Johnson, Joe Perry and Hugh McElhenny.

The Los Angeles Rams have the best passing quarterback in the league in Van Brocklin and a bright recruit in Billy Wade, Vanderbilt product just back from military service. Tom Fears,

Elroy Hirsch, Bob Boyd and Bob Carey give the Rams the best end group in the business. The Rams, with a little luck, could take it all.

The other three Western Conference teams—Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers and Baltimore Colts—are improved but not enough. Rising Bear hopes are based on Quarterback Zeké Bratkowski of Georgia, who may live up to his college reputation, and the trade that brought fullback Chick Jaggard from the Cleveland Browns.

Green Bay's new coach, Lisle Blackbourn, has no major-league experience



OTTO GRAHAM



BOBBY LAYNE

# UP ACROSS THE U.S.



**DALLAS:** END LEON HART (32) OF DETROIT LIONS TOOK PASS FROM LAYNE AS LIONS SMOTHERED CLEVELAND, 56-31

THE forward passes of Bobby Layne, which transported the Detroit Lions into the professional football championship again last season, still have the look of jet planes streaking through the autumn sky, still carry the hopes of the Lions for their third successive championship. Last week, before 43,000 fans gathered under a bright full moon in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas, Layne completed 23 out of 35 passes against the Cleveland Browns in an exhibition game. One of them was a touchdowner to Doak Walker in the closing two seconds and brought the final score to Lions 56, Browns 31.

The Lions consistently outrushed and outpassed the all-ing Browns but the hard-fought game revealed weaknesses that could be traced to the fact that the Lions' defensive backfield was not at full strength. Thereby the Browns were able at times to lead.

In the last 22 seconds of the game the Lions restored their standing by putting on two brilliant touchdown plays.

With tongue in well-whiskered cheek, Lions' players and coaches looked to the season ahead and said, "We should come in third, behind the Rams and 49ers."

but may have the rookie of the year in Veryl Switzer of Kansas State. Still, only an extreme optimist could hope to get the Packers out of the second division this year.

Another new top coach is Weeb Eubank of Baltimore, former Cleveland assistant. Fred Enke will continue to shine as the Colts' field general. Zollie Toch, a pounding fullback, is ready after a year out for injuries. Baltimore may expect lumps from the power-packed Western Conference.

The Eastern Conference looks like a two-horse race between the Cleveland Browns and the Philadelphia Eagles, with the Browns a whisker favorite to win the privilege of losing to the West in the championship game, as in their last three seasons. Otto Graham, who led the passers last year, will again be spelled by George Ratterman. Chet Hanulak from Maryland and Maurice Bassett of Langston are reported to be the best of the first-year men.

The starless Philadelphia Eagles

balance youth and experience. Bob Thomason and Adrian Burk give sound quarterbacking; Pete Pihos and Bob Wabston are ends enough for any coach; the front line, with Frank Kilroy, Mike Jarmoluk, Frank Wydo and Chuck Bednarik, locks up a defense that can do the trick. The Eagles may do it.

The other four Eastern squads are rebuilding to various degrees. The Washington Redskins went through another emotional disturbance that ended the coaching tenure of Curly Lambeau and put Joe Kuharich in charge. It could be a sad autumn for the New York Giants under Jim Lee Howell, new coach, though they may have a sleeper in Bob Clatterback, quarterback from

Houston. Pittsburgh is fielding almost the same team as last year with a new coach, Walter Kiesling, and John Lattner of Notre Dame added to the Steeler backfield. The Chicago Cardinals won one and tied one last year. Coach Joe Stydahar's only happy thoughts are tied to the early showing of Rookie Lamar McHan at quarterback.

Preseason interest indicates that record crowds will watch this year's pro football. And preseason exhibition games make it seem, a week before the regular season, that league standings could wind up like this:

West	East
1 Detroit	Cleveland
2 San Francisco	Philadelphia
3 Los Angeles	Washington
4 Chicago Bears	Pittsburgh
5 Green Bay	New York
6 Baltimore	Chicago Cards

For the past three years the championship has gone to the West. The same prospect seems to apply in 1954.



**NORM VAN BROCKLIN**

the New York Giants under Jim Lee Howell, new coach, though they may have a sleeper in Bob Clatterback, quarterback from



**MINOR LEAGUE HERO** Joe Bauman collected fistful of cash from delighted Rowell, New Mexico fans after hitting record-breaking 69th homer, showed money to two wide-eyed kids.

## 72 HOME RUNS... 224 RUNS BATTED IN

Never was there such a year for heroics in minor-league baseball, never so many headline heroes

**T**HE statistic of the year reads: 72 HOME RUNS. It belongs to 32-year-old Joe Bauman of the Rowell (N. Mex.) Rockets, whose batting record at season's end last week sounded like something out of Paul Bunyan—72 home runs, 224 runs batted in, 188 runs scored, a .398 batting average.

Bauman demonstrated a Ruthian flair for the dramatic by hitting 10 homers in the last nine games, three on the last day, to set a new home-run record for organized ball (old record: 69—Joe Hauser, Minneapolis, 1933; Bob Cruess, Amarillo, 1948). He was by far the most popular

player in the league, principally because of his size (6 ft. 5 in., 245 lb.) and his slugging, but also because of the appealing home-town fact that he is now a permanent Rowell resident—he owns a service station there—and has no apparent desire to move back up the baseball ladder (he once played with Hartford in the Class A Eastern League).

Bauman was certainly the most spectacular minor leaguer but even better players were found higher up:

- The best pitcher was a tall, fast-balling left-hander named Herb Score who won 22 and lost 5 with the Indianapolis Indians, struck out 330 batters to break the American Association mark of 264 set in 1906 by Charles Henry Berger, and was named the Most Valuable Player in the league. Last weekend after striking out 16 men in his final regular season game Herb Score came down with pneumonia and was unable to start in the post-season play-offs.
- In nine years of minor-league ball, Boh Lennson had never hit .300, never more than 24 home runs. This season, his third with the Nashville Volunteers, he shortened his grip, lengthened his confidence and suddenly became a star. Last week as the season ended he had 64 home runs, 161 runs batted in and, with a .345 average, the Southern Association batting championship.
- Elston Howard, who may become the first Negro ever to play for the New York Yankees, was converted into a catcher in spring training and optioned to the Toronto Maple Leafs. Last week, his team trailing, Howard hit a two-run homer to clinch the pennant for the Leafs. Next day popular Elly Howard, his eye on the Yankees, was named Most Valuable Player in the International League.
- First Baseman Jim Marshall is probably the most valuable player on the Oakland Oaks: he is a superb fielder and a powerful hitter (he led the Pacific Coast League in home runs and runs batted in). But his greatest value lies in the fact that Marshall is owned outright by Oakland. His forthcoming sale to a major-league team will take the Oaks out of the red for 1954.
- And there were others. Branch Rickey offered no alibis for the last-place Pittsburgh Pirates but with an eye on his farms (10 of 14 teams were third or better, five finished first), he warned "A new day is coming." Prize Pirate farm hands included Bob Garber, Denver, who won 14 straight games; one-eyed Whammy Douglas, Brunswick, who won 27; Ramon Mejias, Waco, who hit in 55 straight games; Floyd Faust, Brunswick, who stole 73 bases. Prize of prizes: 20-year-old Gene Freese, New Orleans second baseman who in his second year of pro ball jumped from Class D to Class AA, batted .332 and was called by Rickey "the best ballplayer in the minor leagues today."

### THESE MINOR LEAGUERS ARE DUE FOR MAJORS



**HERB SCORE**, 31, Indianapolis, pitcher. To: Indians.



**BOH LENNISON**, 26, Nashville, outfielder. To: Giants.



**ELSTON HOWARD**, 25, Toronto, catcher. To: Yankees.



**JIM MARSHALL**, 22, Oakland, first base. To: high bidder.





## BROOKLYNS LOSE

by WILLIAM HEUMAN

Often a writer can do in fiction what he cannot do with facts, just as a painter can catch essences and meanings and emotions that may elude the finest camera. This short story—the first to be published in *SI*—might be called a “baseball story,” but it is really about the community of people. Brooklyn is Brooklyn, and yet it might be any baseball town after the home team has blown a lead in the ninth.

IT'S ONE of those long, drawn-out games at Ebbets Field, and it's not over till nearly six o'clock. We come out hot and tired, and with a little headache—you know how it is after a game—and the kid says he wants a hot dog.

“I like the long ones, Pop,” he says.

You know the kind they sell outside the park at those little hot-dog stands, long and skinny and rubbery.

“Never mind,” I tell him.

We're hurrying for the trolley car, and the big crowd is pouring out of the exit gates. It's almost six o'clock and Madge has the supper on the table, and I can see her fuming, and the kid's talking about hot dogs.

“Forget it,” I tell him.

Who thinks about food when the Dodgers lose? You sit there for nearly three and a half hours and you try to root them home. You're with them every minute, every play, and you

have it in the bag, and then it's gone over the wall.

“That was some home run,” the kid says.

“Shut up,” I tell him. “Keep quiet.”

“Well, it was good, Pop. Way out toward center field.”

A home run in the last inning which wins the ball game and sends the Brooklyn down to defeat is never a good home run. What the kid means is that it was well hit. I admit that. I'm

a Brooklyn fan, but I admit that. The ball travels maybe four hundred feet before it clears the fence in right center, so it's a good hit. All right, but don't rub it in. Three and a half hours I sit there in the bleachers on a hot day and we lose anyway. So what's good about it?

A guy on the trolley says to me, "They shoulda passed him, that Kluszewski."

"Alston didn't wanna put the winning run on base," I tell him. "That's baseball. You play the averages."

"He didn't put Kluszewski on, neither," this guy says, grinning. "Klu hit it an' kept goin'."

This guy jokes, yet. This is a time for jokes when you have a ball game sewed up eight-to-seven in the ninth, and you lose it with a home-run ball.

I look out the window, and the guy says, "So tomorrow's another day."

I don't even look at him. That kind of guy I don't look at.

You don't mind losing a ball game now and then, but when you lose to Cincinnati it hurts, especially when you got it sewed up, and especially in September and you're way out of first place and that old lost column can murder you.

The kid's getting wise here. He's eleven now, and I've had him down to a lot of ball games, and he argues baseball with the other kids on the block.

He says now, "They shoulda took Oiskin out."

"Never mind," I tell him. "Forget about it."

Why can't they let it drop? It's over and we lose it, so it goes down in the records, and you never change the records, not even if the Russians come over and take this country. It's down in the books.

So maybe Alston should have taken Erskine out, and maybe put in Johnny Podres, and Podres walks three-four guys and it's over anyway, and Alston's a dope again. He should have left Erskine in.

I don't like to second-guess the manager. The guy is out there with his job to do, and he knows more about it than anybody else. Just like me in the shop. In the shop I know my job and I do it. I don't like a guy coming around and telling me it might work out better some other way.

I'm just saying, though, that if it was me in Alston's shoes I'd have had Shuba pinch-hit for Erskine the end of the eighth, and maybe bring us in another run or two, so when this big clown belts one over the wall in the



ninth we still got the lead. With Erskine out for a pinch hitter I'd have stuck Roe in there for one inning with that slow stuff. It might have been a different ball game.

Like I say, though, you can't second-guess, and it's silly to work yourself up into a stew because we dropped one. Just forget about it; let it drop.

I hear a guy in the seat behind me say, "They shoulda pulled a squeeze in the seventh with Reese on third. When Dreesen was runnin' this club we worked a lot of squeeze plays. We'd of hed that extra run, and when Kluszewski hits that homer it's only tied up, an'—"

You see how they try to dope it out? It's dead; it's in the record books. So who's up when Reese is on third and one away? Gil Hodges is up, and Gil is a long-ball hitter. Since when do you ask your long-ball hitter to bunt? That guy behind me is crazy. Any kind of fly ball would have brought Reese in. So Hodges struck out; so Alston knew he was gonna strike out?

If it was me I'd have had Reese try to steal home when it was two out. This Cincinnati guy was taking a long windup. I'm not telling Alston how to run his ball club, but you can see how it goes around and around inside your head. I've heard of guys going off their trolley arguing points like this.

**M**ADGE says when we come into the house at about six-thirty:

"What were you doing—standing outside the field asking for their autographs?"

She has that look on her face. The pots are still on the stove, all covered

up, and they've been there for some time, I can see.

"It was a long game," I tell her.

"It's always a long game down there," she says, and the way she says "there" you'd think she was talking of some gin mill somewhere.

She should be married to a heavy drinker or a guy who plays the homes like some of them in the shop. I don't have any bad habits; I have a glass of beer now and then; I go to Ebbets Field. That's wrong?

"Sit down and eat your supper," Madge says.

"Pop wouldn't buy me a hot dog," the kid tells her.

"I'm not surprised," Madge says. "He probably didn't even know you were with him."

"I bought him two in the park," I snap. "He wants another one on the way home. What am I—Rockefeller?"

"He'd have had a better time at Brighton Beach," Madge says as she's banging the pots around on the stove.

"My vacation," I tell her. "Monday we go to the beach. Wednesday we go to the beach. What am I—a seal?"

"Sit down," she says.

I notice that there are four plates set out and I know who the other plate is for. He comes in from the parlor, snapping at his suspenders—the last guy I want to see tonight.

Uncle Nathan is my brother-in-law, a bachelor, and he lives in a rooming house around the corner from us. Every once in a while—and even once is too often—Madge invites him around for supper. I'm practically supporting this guy, and I think that, secretly, he likes the Giants.

"Lost again," Uncle Nathan grins as he sits down opposite me. "Heard it on the radio."

"Again," I tell him acidly. "Don't I know it's again?"

"The Reds," Uncle Nathan says. "The Cincinnati Reds from Cincinnati."

He's a guy who never goes to a ball game, but he can make remarks like that. He don't know first base from second.

"Kluszewski hit a home run and won the game in the ninth inning," the kid says, and I have to hear that over again.

"They should have a man like Kluszewski on first base for Brooklyn," Uncle Nathan says.

"What's wrong with Hodges?" I ask him. "What's wrong with a guy who hits over three hundred and drives in all them runs?"

"Eat your supper," Madge says.

Who feels like eating, especially with Uncle Nathan sitting across from you, smirking? Uncle Nathan is a small, pot-bellied guy with a circle of fuzzy hair around his bald head. All his life he's lived in Brooklyn, twenty minutes from the field, and never saw a game. That's a citizen!

"Who was it beat them this afternoon?" Uncle Nathan says. "I never heard of the guy."

"How many guys you ever heard of in baseball?" I ask him.

"Eat your supper, Joe," Madge says. "You'd all be a lot better off if you spent your time on something more educational."

I could make some remarks about that, too, but I don't. I got arguments up to the neck, already. Education. What's education but knowing something, and what's better to know than Brooklyn wins?

"Hear the Giants won this afternoon," Uncle Nathan says, without looking up from his plate. "Three-to-one over the Cardinals. They got it made."

"They'll fade in the stretch," I say. "They'll drop a few, and we'll catch them in the last week. We got a three-game series here, remember."

Imagine a guy talking about the Giants down here in Flatbush. A guy like that is crazy. He should be arrested.

I don't eat much tonight because I'm not hungry, and I guess I don't say much, either, because Madge says, as she's bringing out the dessert:

"All afternoon you yell your head off at the game. When you come home, you shut up like a clam."

"What's to say?" I ask her. "I gotta talk every minute?"

"He'd be talkin' plenty," Uncle Nathan says, "if the Dodgers had won." I don't even bother to answer.

The kid, sitting next to me at the table, says, "That Kluszewski sure can hit."

WE have pork chops for supper, but they don't taste good; the peas don't taste good either. Imagine a guy with a name you can't even pronounce licking the Dodgers? Down at the field I hear this Kluszewski's name pronounced about nine different ways. Any way you say it, though, it goes down in the books as a Brooklyn loss.

My wife says, "I spend the afternoon making a supper and he eats it like he was a bird."

"So I have to stuff myself every meal?" I say. "That's smart?"

I'm glad when I can get outside. I go down to the basement and get out the plastic hose. We live in a nice section in Flatbush here—two-family houses, with a little plot of ground out front. It's not much as far as ground goes, maybe six feet from the house to the sidewalk. Most everybody has a little shrubbery.

I get out the hose and I water the shrubbery because we haven't had any rain in a week. Next to me lives Saul Raskin, who is my neighbor. Saul is sitting in one of those aluminum-and-plastic chairs that folds up, and you wonder how it holds his weight.

The plot out in front of Saul's house he's filled in with cement, so he has sidewalk from the house all the way to the curb, and no shrubbery, no grass or weeds to worry about.

"I should be a farmer?" Saul says. "I wanna raise crops, I move out to the suburbs."

Saul watches me as I hook up the hose. He has a stub of cigar in his mouth, and he says around the cigar, "A tough one to lose, Joe. Them Reds allus get hot against us."

"They have to win once in a while," I tell him.

Saul is a dyed-in-the-wool Brooklyn rooter. I see he don't feel too good about this one, either, and it makes me feel a little better.

"These clubs come in here loaded," Saul says. "They save their best pitchers for Brooklyn. They do all their hittin' at Ebbets Field. It ain't right."

"That's baseball," I tell him as I start to squirt the shrubbery.

"Couple of Sundays back I see Pittsburgh," Saul says. "They score eight-

een runs in two games. They don't score eighteen runs in a whole season. That's the way it goes."

"I know," I tell him sympathetically.

"That home run Klusocetz hits," Saul says. "It was a fluke, Joe?"

"He tagged it, Saul," I tell him. "He hits that long ball."

"Allus against us," Saul scowls. He pauses and then he adds, "Alston maybe shoulda passed him, a guy hits like that."

"Man on second an' one out," I tell him. "Kluszewski ain't made a hit all day."

"Then he was due," Saul says. "You can't shut out a guy like that four-five times in one game. He was due."

"They took a chance. Erskine got him before."

THE guy lives upstairs from me in just coming back from Sam Klein's candy store, where he has bought some cigarettes, and he stops to talk. He says: "A good game, Joe?"

"Brooklyn's lose, Lennie," Saul says. "That's a good game?"

"You know what I mean," Lennie says. "That lucky Kluckitz."

"Kluszewski," I tell him.

"How the hell you say it," Lennie says, "it's still a home run. That right, Joe?"

We stand there for a while, chewing the rag while I squirt the shrubbery. Saul puffs on the cigar and sits there with his arms folded across his chest. Lennie Brannick sits on the stoop and lights up a cigarette.

"You give Dressen a club hitting like this," Lennie says, "an' he'd never lose a ball game. You know what I mean? Allus liked Dressen—a noisy guy, but a great manager."

"Alston's all right," I tell him.

"That club we got this year," Saul puts in, "a two-headed zebra could manage. They oughta win for anybody; they oughta even win for your brother-in-law Nathan, Joe."

"Leave us not get on that subject," I tell him.

My wife calls through the screen door, "If you're going down to Klein's, stop at the delicatessen and pick up a few bottles of beer, Joe. The empties are on the back step."

I turn off the water because them shrubs have enough now. I say to Saul Raskin under my breath, "I have to feed him beer now. It's not enough he eats my food. Luxuries he gets."

"That's relatives for you," Saul nods. "I got a cousin like that."

I get the empty bottles from the

continued on page 16

# THE YANKEES' REAL BOSS

He is a shrewd, practical businessman named George Weiss who would like to win the pennant but won't be too disturbed if his team loses this year

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE FYLE



BUSY WEISS WORKS IN YANKEE BOX DURING GAME AS CO-OWNER TOPPING LOOKS ON

IF THE New York Yankees fail to win their sixth straight American League pennant this fall, which at this moment looms as a distinct possibility, the man in the Yankee organization who will show the least outward concern is George Martin Weiss, the Bombers' portly, moon-faced general manager. Win or lose, already clicking in Weiss's mechanical baseball brain, where 41 years of fine diamond dust help grind the gears with awesome precision, is a whole revolving series of plots and schemes affecting not only next year's Yankees but Yankee teams for the next decade. Ancient pitchers, over-the-hill outfielders and end-of-the-road shortstops will, in Weiss's calculation, be removed from the works like so many tired and rusty bolts and screws. Their places will be taken by shiny new contrivances, many of them still on minor-league drafting boards.

The overhaul process actually began in Weiss's mind last spring. Perhaps only Weiss himself was aware of the true significance of his decision to sell Pitcher Vic Raschi, a 34-year-old holdout with one of the best winning percentages in baseball, to the St. Louis Cardinals for \$80,000. Weiss announced that Vic was traded because of a general condition of "complacency," the team's as well as Vic's. Not complacency on the ball field, but complacency vis-à-vis the front office, which means Weiss.

#### AN OBJECT LESSON

Weiss had already made up his mind that either Raschi or Allie Reynolds, another top pitcher who was holding out, would go. Not only was he looking ahead to building a younger team, but an object lesson was needed, he felt, to bring eleven other Yankee holdouts around. As he now puts it, "We've made at least eight of our players independently wealthy and they were acting as if we had to get down on our hands and knees and beg them to play for us."

What Weiss may have forgotten was

that these plush players helped make the Yankees independently wealthy too. No doubt, after five straight pennants, a few New York stars were taking life easier. Raschi was an ungentlemanly grounds himself when he refused to answer mail or get in touch with the Yankee office to discuss a 25% salary cut, but this did not excuse the fact that he was apprised of his sale by a photographer. The only word he ever had from the Yankee organization was a routine telegram telling him he was to report to St. Louis. For his years of brilliant pitching he received the kind regards of exactly no one. The cold, impersonal method in his treatment, or some unsentimental variation of it, is patently part of Weiss's success. It has also been reflected, many fans think, in Weiss's handling of the ticket problem, with what they consider an attitude of contempt shown them in contrast to the solicitude extended big executives and celebrities, who always seem to get the best seats in the house.

Possibly because he knows that the Yanks' almost unblemished record of 14 pennants and 13 World Series victories in the 22 years of his regime never has been matched, Weiss remains unperturbed. Even more proudly, he can point to the consistent profits of the team, although in the last six years attendance has dropped off one million at the Stadium. For this Weiss is inclined to blame the newspapers, which give the Yankees the worst press of the three metropolitan teams. But he must also wonder why more baseball fans throughout the country are rooting for the Indians this fall than for any other team in years—possibly excepting the 1947 or 1949 Dodgers.

#### SUPREMACY IS BORING

The simplest explanation is that Americans like underdogs, and supremacy bores them. But there's more to the "I hate the Yanks" campaign than resentment over a constant, if sometimes dull, winner. A man who knows Weiss well and has respect for his keen knowledge of baseball sums it up this way, "George is the most impersonal man I have ever known. Maybe he doesn't mean to be, maybe he just doesn't know how to be any different, but he simply has never realized that ballplayers are also personalities."

The late Grantland Rice, on the other hand, once described Weiss as a man who is "quiet, rather shy and happens to be able." The fact remains that Weiss, while he lets his hair down on occasion and is a most gracious host, is not an especially outgoing or vi-

brant person. He is stolid and efficient, all business during the waking hours. He operates on the perfectly sound principle that baseball teams go broke when they are so bad the fans won't come out to see them.

Weiss has often been compared to Branch Rickey, his only competitor as a baseball brain, who operates out of a vast and colorful mystique of his own and approaches baseball as if he were guided by a kind of private Bhagavad-Gita. Weiss, on the other hand, gives the impression that he's carrying an IBM machine around with him. Which may be why Rickey is imaginatively capable of introducing a Jackie Robinson to baseball and nursing him tenderly through the toughest dug-outs, whereas last spring Weiss traded Vic Power, a top Negro outfield prospect, before Power even had a chance to wear his Yankee uniform. Many fans felt that Power should have been kept in view of the Yanks' tardiness (by contrast with the Dodgers and Giants) in bringing up Negro players. Weiss denies any bias, says he has tried in the past to obtain Negroes, and defends the trade by saying the Yanks needed pitching more than P(ower).

#### PRODIGIES FOR PENNIES

Weiss has always had plenty of cash behind him, but it is to his credit that he has gathered his greatest players for very little. Phil Rizzuto cost pennies, Yogi Berra came off the sand lots for \$500 and Gil McDougald was signed for \$1,500. What Weiss considers his greatest outfield represented an investment of \$31,000. He got Joe DiMaggio for \$25,000 when no one would take a chance on Joe's trick leg; he signed Charley Keller at the University of Maryland for \$5,000; Mickey Mantle got an initial bonus of \$1,000. A fourth great Yankee outfielder, Tommy Henrich, cost \$20,000.

Mantle is still playing, but none of the other three outfield stars is any longer with the Yankee organization. On this score again, Weiss has been criticized for harsh dealing. But, except for Henrich's case, the criticism would appear to be unjustified. Both Keller and DiMaggio parted with the Yankees voluntarily. Henrich, on the other hand, after having done poorly in a coaching job, wanted to change over to TV to replace DiMaggio after the latter allowed his contract to go by default. Weiss indicated that Henrich's private brewery business might interfere with his getting the contract, since regular game broadcasts are sponsored by a big beer company, but Henrich



**WEISS AND STENGEL confer.** Casey waves hat, casts up his eyes, points fiercely, finally drops hat and hands. Weiss sits.

still insists this could have been adjusted.

It's as a buyer and trader that Weiss has been most unfairly maligned. He has, in fact, that very rare ability to look far ahead and at the same time regard a sagging situation at hand. Weiss's patching has been brilliant, but never more so than in his purchase of Johnny Mize and Johnny Sain, both of whom were waived out of the National League. Mize became a World Series hitting hero in 1949 and was a key man in the 1950 pennant drive. Sain has been a great relief pitcher for several seasons.

Weiss's shrewdest trade, for which he was initially pilloried, has saved Casey Stengel some aspirins this year. Outfielder Jackie Jensen and Pitcher Spec Shea went to Washington two years ago for Outfielder Irv Noren, a left-handed hitter. Jensen did pretty well for the Senators and then regained, briefly, his early Yankee form, while Noren was hitting a miserable .237 his first season in New York. But today he's among the leading hitters in the league and one reason why the Yankees managed to stay in the race at all.

#### MISTAKES AND SLIP-UPS

Weiss has made mistakes, bad ones. His purchase of Pitcher Fred Sanford from the Browns for \$100,000 and three players in 1948 was among the worst. Sanford had won 21 games in three years for the lowly Browns, but won only 12 in three years for the Yanks. Weiss himself regrets giving up on young Bob Porterfield, who won 22 for the second-division Senators last year. Bob Keegan, currently boasting a 15-8 record with the third-place Chicago White Sox, is another pitcher who slipped out of the Yanks' hands.

Weiss was born in New Haven in 1895, the son of a grocery-store owner. He got interested in baseball at Hillhouse High School, where he wasn't much of a player but showed an early ability as an administrator. It was a good team—Joe Dugan, later a great Yankee third baseman, was on it—and Weiss banded them together as the semipro Colonials, quickly establishing himself as something of a promotional genius. A local ordinance forbade Sunday baseball in New Haven, but Weiss booked the Colonials to play at Light-house Point, an amusement park in East Haven, outside the city limits. No Sunday ball was allowed in New York or Boston then either, so Weiss brought in top major leaguers for exhibition. Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Walter

#### NEW YORK YANKEE ORGANIZATION

**DANIEL R. TOPPING and DEL E. WEBB, Co-owners**

**GEORGE M. WEISS, General Manager**

**WILLIAM D. DEWITT, Assistant General Manager**

**CASEY STENGEL, Manager**

#### LEE MOFFAT, Farm System Chief

##### Farm Clubs Owned

Kernan City, Am. Assoc. (AAA)  
Mgr. Harry Craft, 1954—7th

Singhaden, Eastern (A)  
Mgr. Philip Page, 1954—5th

##### Working Agreement

Birmingham, Southern Assoc. (AA)  
Mgr. Mayo Smith, 1954—3rd

Norfolk, Piedmont (B)  
Mgr. Frank Smalz, 1954—1st

Quincy, Three-I (B)  
Mgr. Vernard Hoochell, 1954—3rd

Modesto, Calif. (C)  
Mgr. Jerry Crosby, 1954—1st

St. Joseph, West. Assoc. (C)  
Mgr. Bill Cope, 1954—3rd

Bristol, Appalachian (D)  
Mgr. Walter Lowe, 1954—2nd

McAlester, Sooner State (D)  
Mgr. Malcolm Miek, 1954—3rd

Owensboro, Kitty (D)  
Mgr. Marvin Crater, 1954—2nd

#### PAUL KRICHELL, Head of Scouts

##### Scouts and Territory Covered

John Cettrell, San Francisco area  
H. P. Dawson, Virginia

William Orlinaka, Negro Leagues  
Atley Donald, Miss. La., Ark., Tex., western Tenn.

John Flowers, Ga., Ala., Fla., central Tenn.

Pete Gebrian, assists O'Rourke in N.J.  
Tom Greenwade, Kan., Okla., Colo., Mo. (except St. Louis)

William Harris, N.C., S.C., eastern Tenn.  
Fred Hasselmann, Chicago

Floyd (Eab) Herman, Arizona, N.M., southern Calif.

Harry Hesse, assists Krichell in New England

Gordon Jones, Oreg., Idaho, Wyo., Mont., Wash., Nev., Utah, northern Calif.

Paul Krichell, New England, Hudson Valley, N.Y.C.

Louis Magana, Wisc., St. Louis, Ill. (except Chicago)

Joseph McDermott, Minn., N.D., S.D., Iowa, Neb.

John Neun, special assignments  
Frank O'Rourke, N.J., Md., Pa., Del., N.Y. (except metropolitan area)

Pet Peterson, Mich., Ohio, W. Va., Ky., Ind.

William Shif, special assignments

Johnson, Herb Penneck, Duffy Lewis, among others, came down.

The Eastern League, which had a team at New Haven, had no love for Weiss as a superior competitor at the gate but after fighting him for four years decided it was more sensible to offer him the New Haven franchise for \$5,000. As head of the renamed New Haven Profs, Weiss became the youngest club owner in professional baseball. In eight years his teams won three pennants and never finished out of the first division. More importantly, over a six-year period he sold the majors 26 men for \$200,000, more than the rest of the league combined.

#### SUCCESSES AND SALES

Weiss had the same kind of success with the Baltimore Orioles, which he took over in 1929. Baltimore had sold all its old stars to the majors and the team was in the doldrums. Using players he had imported from the Eastern League, Weiss brought the revamped Orioles in third and in three years he sold \$242,000 worth of ballplayers.

The success of the young general manager caught the eye of Colonel Ja-

cob Ruppert, who in February, 1932 placed Weiss in charge of the Yankee farm system. His record was extraordinary. Newark, the chief farm team, won seven pennants, including their first in 19 years, in the next 12 seasons. When Kansas City became part of the new Yankee chain, the Blues won three in four years. Weiss's great talent for developing and selling players meanwhile brought New York a fortune in player sales. Over a 14-year period, Weiss sold 86 players for \$1.4 million and received, in addition, players worth \$400,000. In the meantime he spent only a fraction of that on new Yankee players.

#### ALL THIS AND HARETT TOO

Some of Weiss's early deals are still talked about. Once he parlayed \$500 into \$92,500. It started with a \$500 bonus paid to Willard Hershberger, a fair catcher. Weiss sold Hershberger to Cincinnati for \$20,000 and talked the Reds into throwing in kid Shortstop Eddie Miller. Miller blossomed and went to the Boston Braves for \$12,500 and five players—Vince DiMaggio, Johnny Riddle, Gil English, Tommy

Weiss and Johnny Bahich. For them Weiss got a total of \$60,000. A similar parlay involving an initial outlay of \$3,000 for First Baseman Buddy Hassett eventually netted Weiss \$105,000 and Hassett back to play for the Yankees!

Weiss became general manager of the Yankees after the 1947 World Series against Brooklyn, when the tempestuous Larry MacPhail, who bought a part interest in the Yankees when Ruppert died, appointed and fired him in the same evening. Showing more emotion than he has before or since, Weiss cried. Hardly had the tears dried, however, than he was general manager again, this time appointed by Dan Topping and Del Webb, who had bought out MacPhail's one-third share the next morning. The job now pays him at least \$60,000 a year.

#### EXIT HANS, ENTER STENGEL

His first year was no overwhelming success. The team finished a close third, but there was friction between him and Manager Bucky Harris, whom Weiss describes as an old-style, "book" manager who couldn't fit in with the many experiments the Yankees wanted to make with new young players. He fired Harris and brought in Casey Stengel, an earlier managerial flop at Brooklyn and Boston. No one can deny the wizardry of Stengel, and Weiss has basked in its magic glow. But when Casey waved his wand over the 25 players who won the pennant and the World Series in four straight in 1950, 17 of them were Weiss farm grads.

Each morning, looking like a corporation executive whose company has not missed paying a dividend in 50 years and has no intention of missing one in the next 50, Weiss climbs into his car at his fine old house in Greenwich, Conn. and drives to his office at 745 Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. Here he answers his mail, talks steadily on the phone, studies countless detailed reports on the farm system and meticulously goes over every phase of Yankee finances, down to the amount taken in for each type of souvenir. About noon, if the Yanks are home, Weiss will drive up to the Stadium. After a bit of lunch he'll retire to a smaller office on the ground floor and work some more, meanwhile watching the start of the game on TV. About the third or fourth inning he will go up to his spacious box to the right of home plate in the mezzanine, from where he regards the diamond with an almost troglodytic stare. The field seems to encompass

the man and he it; one has the feeling that Weiss sees everything, from the way a pitcher's curve breaks or hangs to the number of buttons on his shirt.

If the Yanks are ahead at the top of the ninth, Weiss will follow an old superstition and leave. Back downstairs, he will watch the rest of the game on TV, take in Red Barber's post-game show and then walk across to the players' dressing room and through it to Stengel's private room, where he and Casey and sometimes the coaches will talk over the day's contest and anything else that may come up.

On a busy day Weiss may not leave the Stadium until eight o'clock, and a night game may keep him in town at a hotel. His wife, Hazel, whom he married in 1937, relies on last-minute calls for her cooking schedules. When he does go home, Weiss always carries a

sheaf of papers, including minor-league box scores. In his large study in Greenwich, where he has a remarkable collection of trophies and awards, he may study the averages of Yankee potentials far into the night. If the team is on the road, he is apt to have a nocturnal telephone talk with Stengel. When he finally rolls into bed his head is filled with statistics, and if he has any trouble sleeping, which is rare, he probably counts, instead of sheep, the number of .300 hitters in the farm system or the week's attendance figures. A dedicated champion is often a lonely man. Weiss often is one—but the compensatory factor is great: he remains respected and admired, if not always revered. And it's as Dan Topping, George Weiss's tough boss, says, "How can you argue with success? It's like trying to tell off an umpire."

IN STUDY OF CONNECTICUT HOME, WEISS EXAMINES MEMENTOS OF 41-YEAR CAREER



From the San Francisco  
Chronicle, August 18, '54

## BILL LEISER

### New Sports Magazine A Beauty

BOB ROOS, Ross Bros., and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED conducted a most pleasant reception for Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gage (Earl Williams) Thursday at the Olympic Club, Lakeview.

Occasion was the day of the first arrival on newstands of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the new Time-and-Life-sponsored weekly.



There also was the sight of showing rather startling new creations in swimsuits and other sportswear line with Frank Albert acting as master of ceremonies in presenting the beautiful models. Frankie did well enough, too, as he always does in everything.

Each guest received a copy of the first actual printing of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and, to the surprise of no one, it was a beauty.

There has been nothing like it in the sports field.

It's loaded with advertisements, does a most happy job of directing a most happy life.

Though most weekly publications are a month or more behind the news, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED fully covered the Hawaiian "Landy" "Muscle Mile" that had been run only five days before the magazine was delivered at Lakeview. It wasn't just tacked onto or inserted in the magazine, either. It was a regular lead article presented in the manner in which other subjects were presented. Some day we want one of the editors or production men to show us how this is done. For a national magazine, that's a phenomenal speed operation.

The color art and printing were magnificent, and the feature material well balanced.

#### There's Plenty for the Ladies

On scanning the first issue, we wondered if editors plan to appeal more to women than to men, to the casual sports fan rather than the intense addict of any sport.

In any event, we suspect this is one sports magazine women will don't rate a good fastlane average and points after touchdowns will score. If a gal wants in an easy and interesting way, to pick up a bit of information with which to surprise her golf-frenzied husband, she can get it here.

# A newspaper man makes some points about a new magazine!

What better place to shop for bathing suits or any kind of sportswear than through SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?

Right as rain. Bill! SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the first-quality sports magazine for the whole family.

Advertisers bought over a million dollars worth of advertising space in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED before publication. 236 accounts have now placed orders—bless 'em all.

25,000 new subscriptions were received from the insert cards bound in the first newsstand copies.

Every week—fast coverage of the leading sports news of all sports.

Reporting in words and pictures with a completeness such as can be found nowhere else.

Who says sports are a man's world? The ladies are loving the color, the excitement, the style of sports as seen in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.



Where the whole family reads for pleasure—shops for fun.



## HERE COME THE CRANES

The survivors of America's tallest birds will be "escorted" south

by JOHN O'REILLY

THE surviving remnant of the great race of whooping cranes, hardly more than two dozen birds, will be "escorted" this fall from Canada to Texas. That is, they will be escorted insofar as it is possible for human beings to escort wild creatures which fly high and come to rest in lonely places. But, elusive though they may be, these huge white birds with the black wingtips will be followed on their route by thousands of well-wishers.

In advance of their coming a campaign is being conducted to alert the human population along the migration route of the cranes. As was the case last fall, radio stations will broadcast appeals to report the birds but not molest them. Their trip will be announced by newspapers. Sportsmen's clubs and civic organizations have helped spread the word. Thousands of post cards bearing the facts and a picture of a whooper have been mailed to persons living along the flight lane.

All this is part of the international effort to help America's tallest bird in its struggle for existence.

### ONLY 26 ARE LEFT

When the birds migrated last spring there were 26 whooping cranes left—in the entire population of the species. *Grus americana* doesn't occur in other parts of the world and they have been studied so thoroughly that the chance of even a single bird being discovered outside this group is highly improbable.

Two of the cranes, found crippled by gunshot, are now captives in a New Orleans zoo. The rest winter on the wide marshes and prairies of the 47,000-acre Arkansas Federal Wildlife Refuge on the Texas coast, 40 miles from Corpus Christi. There they live singly and in family groups, each family occupying a territory of some 500 acres from which other cranes are driven. Without the use of a blind it is dif-

ficult to get within half a mile of them. On a trip to the refuge I jeoped and stalked the prairies for days before I got a close view of the cranes. When a pair finally flew right over me I was told that I was luckier than most.

The exact location of the nesting grounds of the remaining whoopers has



WHOOPIING CRANES IN SASKATCHEWAN HEADED FOR TEXAS

not been found. This summer a scientist hovering in a helicopter over the wild country south of Canada's Great Slave Lake looked down and spotted four whooping cranes, three adults and a young one. His find was the best evidence so far of the general location of their breeding grounds.

The whooping crane once inhabited the central part of the continent from the Arctic Coast to central Mexico. It demanded plenty of space in which to live and rear its young, and when it stood at full height to utter its challenging buglelike call, it was almost six feet tall. But as the prairies were tamed and planted, the whooping cranes dwindled steadily.

### A PROJECT FOR SALVATION

Now the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Canadian Wildlife Service and the National Audubon Society are partners in a project designed to save the whooping crane from extinction. Numerous state agencies and private groups are cooperating. One of the prime workers on the project is Robert P. Allen, research ornithologist of the National Audubon Society. Allen

devoted three years to an intensive study of the cranes, hoping to find a way to halt their decline.

During that time he lived with the birds on the lonely Texas marshes in winter. In early spring he took off by plane in advance of their migration and intercepted them along the Platte River in Nebraska. He traced their migration route through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and into Saskatchewan where they disappeared into Canada's north country. He flew thousands of miles in the far north in a vain search for their nesting grounds.

People often ask how on earth the cranes know enough to go right to the refuge to spend the winter. The answer is that the presence of the whooping cranes there is historic and was one of the main reasons why the refuge was established in 1937.

As a result of Allen's recommendations, numerous steps have been taken

to aid the cranes. One of the main objectives has been to find the nesting grounds and learn whether there are any factors there which are limiting the increase. Canada has announced that when the nesting area is found it will be declared an inviolate sanctuary. Plans are now being made for a systematic search of the area next summer.

Each fall the refuge men are waiting eagerly as the cranes come back in little groups. By early December they are all in and the refuge men make an exact count by flying over them in small planes. In recent years the flock has returned with an average of four young birds. But usually a few of the parents are lost, some from being shot, and others from unknown causes. Sometimes the population fluctuates perilously. The gain or loss of a single bird is vital to the survival of the race.

Last year there was a gain. Twenty-one whoopers took off for the North in the spring and in the fall all 21 returned, bringing three gawky offspring with them. This fall more eyes than ever will be on the alert in the country's most unusual bird-watching program.



## CURTAIN OF DEATH

Modern fish poisoning helps sportsmen but doesn't foul the water

by CHARLES L. CADIEUX

ON September 21st one hundred tons of a fish poison will be dumped into Diamond Lake, Ore., and it is expected that within 24 hours not a gill-breathing creature will have survived. The target of the operation, the undesirable fish which compete with the game species for food, will be eradicated along with their sporting brethren. When the lake is cleared, it will be restocked with game fish only, and another fisherman's paradise will have been preserved.

Operation Eradication has already been well publicized in the West. The story that hasn't been told is how the fish poisons work. They have been developed to the point where they can be applied with a finesse that is amazing.

### LETHAL TO THE OUNCE

Probably the most modern is Fish-Tox, which contains rotenone—a fish poison which man has known for centuries. Rotenone is an ingredient of most lake eradicates. Its lethal qualities are so certain that dosages can be figured to the ounce.

Fish-Tox is a soluble powder which forms a whitish cloud in the water, then quickly clears. It has a vertical rate of dispersion of one and a half feet an hour. In other words, a curtain of death descends in the water at the rate of 18 inches an hour. Nothing with gills can escape, nothing with lungs will be harmed.

Fish-Tox kills by constricting the capillaries which carry oxygen from the gills, causing asphyxiation. The fish thus killed are perfectly edible. The water is safe for people to drink.

When the poison begins to dissolve, minnows are the first to feel it. They shoot out of the water, dance crazily on the surface, even sail out on the beach. Other fish have varying degrees of resistance. Walleyed pike die easily; so do bass, perch, bluegills, crappies and the carp which are so often the

reason for the eradication. Bullheads and catfish last longer, but they only postpone the inevitable. As the invisible veil of poison sinks, it pins the fish against the oxygen-thin layer of lower water. When the fish try to shoot up through the Fish-Tox, it gets them.

Fish poisoning is not pretty, but the gain to sports fishing is tremendous. A trout lake in Washington, for example, which yielded only 1,000 fish a year because it was full of "trash" fish, was cleaned out completely and restocked. Two years later it was opened and yielded 5,460 half-pound rainbow trout the first day, and more than 56,000 rainbows during the first year.

In North Dakota, Storm Creek Reservoir, which formerly provided good fishing for bass and crappies, was taken over by carp. Eradicated by Fish-Tox and restocked with bass, pike and bluegills, it now has excellent sport fishing. A surprise sideline benefit was noted



POISONED CARP AND CRAPPIES IN OREGON

by a farmer's wife who rejoiced that the lake water was clear enough to wash clothes in, now that bottom-rooting carp had been eliminated.

The Bureau of Reclamation built Jamestown Dam, forming a 20-mile-long lake in the James River. Silt-laden, shallow and full of "rough" fish, it had never been considered even a fair sport-fishing river. Before the dam was closed, North Dakota began the most ambitious eradication project yet attempted. Eighty-six miles of river, three lakes and countless sloughs that connected with the river were treated. Fish-Tox was spread from low-flying planes, towed behind motorboats in burlap sacks, sprayed with hand pumps into marshy areas. Then came anxious days of test netting to check the effects of the application. The poison killed every gill breather in the entire river. Now restocked, the Jamestown Reservoir will provide sport fishing.

### SURGERY OF THE FISHERIES

The biggest problem with most eradication programs is that of disposing of the windrows of dead fish on shore. If the fish aren't picked up and used for food, their presence soon becomes common knowledge. Waters treated with Fish-Tox remain toxic to fish for periods varying from 10 to 80 days, depending upon the water temperature. Warm waters dissipate the poison much faster than chill waters.

This is the new surgery of the fisheries world and, like medicine's surgery, it is a drastic step to be used only when the situation has become desperate. Now fishery biologists are discovering new uses for the killer in limited forms of surgery. It is possible to cut down carp populations without harming game fishes by baiting the undesirable fish into shallow bays or inlets, sealing off the escape route with seines, and then applying Fish-Tox.

Overpopulations of desirable fish can also be thinned out. Two interconnected lakes swarming with rock bass yielded poor fishing because there just wasn't enough food. So one lake was dosed, and the population of the other spread to the now-fishless waters. The rock bass grew larger.

Fish-Tox has even turned out to be a boon to ducks. The Fish and Wildlife Service used it in the big Arrowwood Refuge in North Dakota to kill the carp so that duck foods would prosper. In most cases, however, it is the angler who benefits from this modern refinement of one of the oldest poisons known to man.

# YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you're going into the woods

## **The woods are fun . . .**

OUR country's extensive woodland areas have always been a source of pleasure for millions of Americans. Roughly half of our population takes to the woods some time each year to enjoy a wide variety of leisure activities. Some hunt, others take pack trips to escape city life, still others just settle for an enjoyable walk or picnic in pleasant surroundings. Our woods have become more and more of a refuge from the workaday world where men and women of all ages can relax and have fun.

## **. . . if you plan properly**

If you're going into the woods this fall, some advance planning will make your trip more enjoyable. Proper preparations can help you avoid discomfort, exhaustion or injury. Don't be too ambitious when you choose a place to go to in the woods. Let's not play Daniel Boone and tackle a rugged wilderness right away. Boone was used to that kind of life, you might not be. If you're not yet an experienced woodsman, stick to developed parks on federal or state land, where trails are marked, campsites are provided and the terrain is not too difficult. You'll have more fun and fewer bruises.

## **Know the land . . .**

Before you pack up and go, find out about the place you're going to. There is plenty of literature available on most state and federal lands. For state land, contact the state conservation agency. For federal land, write the Agriculture or Interior Department, Washington, D.C.

Your inquiries should cover trails (what condition are they in?), water supply (is drinking water safe or must it be boiled?), fire regulations (will you need a permit to build a fire?), campsites (how well are they furnished?) and natural hazards (snow, rock slides, animals and poisonous plants).

## **. . . dress accordingly . . .**

You don't have to buy an expensive wardrobe. Just use old clothes, but make sure they are still sturdy, that they fit well and give you ample room for free movement. Cover your arms and legs for maximum protection against scratches, bites and bruises. And even if there's nary a cloud in the sky when you enter the woods, take a raincoat or poncho with you. Many recommend a windproof and water-repellent feather-weight parka (about \$11). A good soaking can be very uncomfortable. In cold weather, you'll keep warm better if you wear two layers of light clothes rather than one heavy layer. Make sure you check to see if there is an open game season in the area at the time. If so, wear something red to protect yourself from hunters.

## **. . . and be good to your feet**

Take care of your feet. They're your means of transportation, so be good to them. Wear light wool socks for maximum absorption of perspiration. If your feet are tender and blister easily from friction, wear two pairs. Your shoes should be rugged and able to withstand rough going. Wear rubber soles and heels for good gripping.

## **Travel light**

Don't overload yourself with useless gimmicks; they will just tire you out more quickly. A knife, matches, first-aid kit and food are about the only real necessities. If you're in wild country with no marked trails, an ax and compass are also recommended. You can take either a sheath knife or a jackknife with utility blades. They cost \$1.50 to \$21. For matches, make sure you have a waterproof container (95¢). Your first-aid kit can be bought for \$1.50 and doesn't have to be a portable hospital. Adhesive bandages, gauze, tape, burn ointment and disinfectant will do nicely.

For food, concentrate on nourishing things like meat, chocolate and cheese, together with thirst-quenchers like lettuce and tomatoes. Many experienced woodsmen recommend a lunch of chocolate (which now comes in bars that won't melt in hot weather), lettuce leaves, a slice of cheese, a handful of raisins and an apple. This pocket-sized meal fulfills all energy needs.

## YOU SHOULD KNOW *continued*

**Check out** When you reach the jumping-off point, check the latest conditions with a local warden or forest ranger. Be sure to let him know you're in the area, in case you get lost. It's best to stick to the trails, and it's useful as well as fun to make a rough map of prominent landmarks in the area so that you can get your bearings at all times. Whenever possible do your hiking with someone else. This "buddy system" can save your life in the event of serious mishap as your partner can go for help. Try to resist the temptations of hacking at trees and shrubs to blaze a trail with a knife or ax. Most trees will die eventually if their bark is injured. Carry a piece of chalk and mark trees as you go. It's effective and not harmful.

• • •

**Hit the road** Now that you're all set, try to get an early start. The morning hours are best for hiking, especially in the summer when the noonday sun is very warm. Keep up a steady pace with a comfortable gait, walking with toes pointed straight ahead to cover the most ground with the least effort. Tread lightly on your heels, then push up off your toes for maximum comfort in your stride. If you're hiking in a group, travel single file. About eight to a group is maximum size for a hiking party, with one of the best hikers bringing up the rear. Watch for holes, overhanging branches and other hazards, and warn the person following you. Pace yourself according to the distance you plan to travel. If you walk along a highway, always face the traffic.

• • •

**Camping out** If you're going to camp out be particularly careful about fires. When building one, clear a five-foot circle of anything that will burn. If the forest floor is covered with several layers of leaves, get some rocks and build your fire on them. Always be sure to have enough sand or water on hand to extinguish your fire even before you build it. Before leaving, douse your fire with water, stir it, then cover it with sand and wait until you're sure it's entirely out. If the drinking water must be boiled, keep it boiling for at least five minutes to remove all impurities. Then pour the pure water from one clean container to another several times to restore air and remove the flat taste.

• • •

**Your surroundings** You'll enjoy identifying trees, plants and flowers along your route. Bird life in the woods is infinitely varied and fascinating, but you'll need a sharp eye to spot many birds against their protective background. The rocks will tell you tales of what the area was like millions of years ago. Inexpensive guidebooks (25¢) will help you in all of these studies. You'll probably see many animals. Look at them all you please, but leave them alone. Some may get cantankerous if you bother them.

• • •

**Snakes . . .** Anyone walking in strange country should check carefully on the snakes native to the area. Poisonous snakes are to be found in most parts of the country, but this is no reason to avoid the woods. Just be careful in stepping over logs and clambering up cliffs. If you want to be prepared, special kits are available (up to \$5) for treating snake bite. Get to know what all snakes look like. Then you'll be able to identify the poisonous ones and give them a wide berth.

• • •

**. . . and snake bite** Remember, most snakes are scared to death of you. Usually they bite only if provoked, to defend themselves. A poisonous snake bite will usually leave two large punctures in the flesh. These rapidly become dark, producing immediate and severe pain. Send for help immediately and keep the victim immobile and calm to prevent the spread of the poison. Apply a tourniquet a few inches above the fang marks, make small X-shaped cuts in each fang mark a quarter inch long and a quarter inch deep, then apply suction to remove the poison. Suck the poison out and spit it away.

by The Know-it-all



WIDE-EYED INDIANA YOUNGSTERS SHOOT FOR BASKET. IN 25 YEARS ONLY THE FEW ON THE TEAM WILL GET A REAL WORKOUT

## HOW FIT ARE OUR KIDS?

They lack strength and stamina because schools concentrate on "stars" and neglect those who need physical education the most

by ARTHUR MORSE

**T**HIS WEEK more than 30,000,000 American children will return to their classes in elementary, junior and senior high schools. Their minds, despite overcrowding and understaffing, will be adequately trained. But what about their bodies?

Americans like to think of themselves as an athletic people among whose youth physical fitness can be taken for granted. What we fail to realize is that a large proportion of our youth is growing up pitifully weak in stamina, seriously neglected by the average school program. The full meaning of certain widely publicized and alarming statistics has yet to sink in:

During the Korean war 47% of American draftees—nearly half of all young men called up—were rejected as physically or emotionally unfit.

### THE BIG-TIME CONCEPT

In a recent comparison of European and American children between 6 and 19 conducted by Dr. Hans Kraus and Mrs. Ruth F. Hirschland of New York University, 57.9% of the American children—more than half of thousands tested—failed to achieve minimum standards of muscular strength and flexibility. Only 8.7% of the European children failed.

One of our real troubles is that the concept of the big-time sports competition has captured the imaginations of too many teachers and parents right down to the grade-school level. Our schools are concentrating on the star system, oblivious to the many that this excludes, particularly those who need physical education most of all—the ones who are not "naturals." In New York City, for example, only an estimated 5% of all school children participate in school sports.

The big-time sports concept also puts our younger children under strains which are far beyond their childish capacities. We know that heart and lungs and other organs do not keep pace with the body growth in weight and height of children, yet we cheer them on to give their all as though they were grown-up players. The same is true of tackle football for 12- to 15-year-olds, a practice which is spreading in our schools. Of 242 doctors who were recently questioned about inter-scholastic football for this age group, all but 22 were against it.

### A PLACE FOR PROS

Basketball too has invaded the ranks of the young. In many places, elementary-school competition for

those who have star potentialities is on the rise. In South Dakota, for instance, coaches are assigned to grade schools to spot and develop likely prospects for high-school competition. Indiana carries basketball in schools to enthusiastic extremes, making high-school games into really big-league affairs. Last year more than 1,380,000 spectators watched the state high-school tournament, which grossed \$750,000. Some of the high-school teams played two games a day for three successive weekends, a pace not even matched by pros.

Nowhere, however, is the sad physical state of the Union more dramatically illustrated than in swimming. This is an ideal body-building sport, and a vital skill in war and peace as well. Facilities for it are ample. Yet of America's 80,000,000 bathers, only 12% know how to swim. And less than one American school in every 10 offers swimming instruction.

To answer the challenge of the big-time sports concept in our schools, imaginative and colorful programs are needed. The mass calisthenics of earlier days will not suffice. But a concept of physical education which can meet the challenge is available. Its teacher is a graduate of a four-year college



**IN MINNEAPOLIS,** Dr. Helen Starr directs in her program for all youngsters.

course, with an educational background equal to that of a teacher of academic subjects. Given a chance, he can work wonders with his students and capture their enthusiastic interest as well.

Here, for example, is what modern physical education, in the person of Dr. Helen M. Starr, a former associate professor at the University of Minnesota, has done for the 70,000 elementary- and high-school children of Minneapolis.

#### RECREATIONS FOR A LIFETIME

Dr. Starr moved across town to become Director of Health, Physical Education and Recreation for the Minneapolis public schools after 17 years at the University. In Superintendent Rufus Putnam she found an educator who fully shared her views on good physical-education programs. Their concept of physical education as an integral part of the total educational program has permeated school life, keeping the children not only physically fit but also teaching them leisure-hour skills and recreation which they can enjoy all their lives.

On a sunny afternoon last June, a random tour of schools showed the following activities taking place:

Play Day at Sheridan Junior High involved all 522 boys and girls. There were track and field events, volleyball, dodge ball and other games.

At the Franklin School, in Minneapolis' most depressed neighborhood, a swimming class was splashing in the pool. Badminton, Ping-pong and volleyball games were going on in the gymnasium, and a softball tournament filled the sunny air with shouts outside.

At Southwest High School, the students were practicing archery. Some others were setting out on a bicycle trip, while still others were headed for

bowling lessons. Three intramural tournaments—softball, tennis and golf—were in progress. The golfers were among 3,000 students who had been given free lessons by local pros.

The sports program was spread to include everyone. Minneapolis coaches do not receive preferential salary treatment, nor are they paid a portion of the gate receipts, an incentive still practiced in some New England communities. No coach's job depended on a winning record.

Nor does the Minneapolis program stop with athletics. School doctors and nurses, dental hygienists, physical educators, social workers and teachers of handicapped children have all been co-ordinated by Helen Starr. Health classifications determine the activities which a child is permitted and there is no being excused from physical education. Thus even the handicapped child gets in a game—like the girl with polio at Franklin School who gets her turn at bat in softball while one of her teammates runs with the hit.

What does all this cost the taxpayer? About \$300 per year per pupil. This is about average for cities of 200,000 or more. Minneapolis is a city of 540,000.

#### OTHER BRIGHT SPOTS

There are other bright spots in the nation besides Minneapolis. In Boston, every youngster who tries out for a school team is kept on the squad, whether he is a hot-shot or not, so that he may learn the sport he enjoys. In Great Neck, Long Island 80% of the children take part in intramurals. In

Michigan, one of every three high-school students plays on at least one interschool-league team.

Another promising program is the establishment of school camps, launched in 1940 by Julian W. Smith, Associate Professor of Outdoor Education at Michigan State College. Besides learning to plant trees, construct game shelters, blaze trails and perform the routine chores of a camp, students learn the art of living with each other and their teachers. Social barriers fade away. "It is every American child's heritage to have experiences in the outdoors," says Smith, "and every teacher should be able to teach outdoors as well as in a classroom."

Today, thanks largely to Smith's tireless efforts, more than 80 Michigan school districts send elementary- and high-school children to camp for a week or longer. The cost is about seven dollars a week for food. And the idea has spread beyond Michigan to 24 other states which now report at least one camp program in action.

With the knowledge and equipment which the modern physical-education instructor has ready to hand, there is no reason why any American child who is not seriously handicapped need grow up a weakling, oppressed by the feeling that he "couldn't make the grade." It's easier to lure the children from the cheering sections, the TV sets and the movies than we think. Given a chance, they will embrace a modern program of sports and physical education with enthusiasm and will remain enthusiasts all their lives.



**EVERYBODY GETS INTO A GAME** in this Boston school yard, whether it's volleyball (foreground) or dodge-ball (center). No child is left out.

# The New York Times.

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Each week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will reprint on outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

Troubled by New York's seeming indifference to the world's serious state, James Reston, the distinguished Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, last week sought an explanation. He found New Yorkers did care—and very much so

**Q.**—I've come to New York to see whether anybody's paying any attention to what's going on in Washington.

**A.**—We sure are. The Yankees have one more game there and if they don't win it, they're through.

**Q.**—Yes, but I mean—

**A.**—And they'd better win the last three with Washington at the Stadium too.

**Q.**—I mean Washington in general. The big things that have been happening down there recently. What do you really think of Washington?

**A.**—Strictly a second-division club. Nothing's happened down there since Walter Johnson. They can't hit and they're weak down the middle. If Stengel hadn't given them Porterfield, they'd be in the cellar.

## YANKEE-INOIAN COEXISTENCE?

**Q.**—Let me be specific. I'd like to ask you about some of the things of world importance that are being widely discussed where I come from. For example, the policy of coexistence.

**A.**—It's for the birds. That's exactly what's wrong with Stengel. He's been coexisting with Cleveland too much. Nine times, in fact. He even coexists with Washington. Last year he beat 'em fourteen times and lost only six. This year he's beaten them only eleven times, less than he's beaten any other club in the league, while Cleveland's beaten them seventeen times. See what I mean? This "coexistence" is the bunk. Stengel should leave it to the Orioles.

**Q.**—What do you think of the Dixon-Yates deal?

**A.**—I didn't even know they'd been traded.

**Q.**—What do you think of Eisenhower?

**A.**—He's a golfer.

**Q.**—Is there much talk about the "massive retaliation" policy around here?

**A.**—Talk about it! The Yankees invented it! In the old days, when anybody scored one run on them, "murderers row" retaliated with five. That's what we've been waiting for here in New York—massive retaliation, especially against those bums in Cleveland!

## THE REAL MCCARTHY

**Q.**—What do you think of McCarthy?

**A.**—As I say, he was a great manager. One of the best the Yankees ever had.

**Q.**—I don't suppose he ever coexisted with anybody, did he?

**A.**—Never! And he didn't wait to re-tallate, either. He tallated!

**Q.**—Have you ever heard of "united action"?

**A.**—Not since Billy Martin went into the Army. There's absolutely



## HERE'S THE STRETCH...

One of these figures seems about ready to drill a high, hard one down through the middle. Actually, they are pre-Columbian figurines from Colima, on the west coast of Mexico.

nothing united in the Yankee infield around second base, and Stengel puts so many players on the field that they get most of their action running on and off the field.

**Q.**—What do you think about the problem of the Reds?

**A.**—I don't care what happens in the National League. Cincinnati has always been a problem anyway.

**Q.**—I get the impression you're interested in baseball. Don't you ever worry about politics?

**A.**—Once in a while, but I never seem to get anywhere. The thing I like about baseball is that everybody starts even, and at the end of the day you know who won. Politics—you never know who's ahead.

**Q.**—Here is Indochina partitioned, the EDC rejected, the Communists running all over Asia, and France in a mess, and you don't care?

**A.**—Sure I care, but what can I do about a country that partitions Indochina, rejects the EDC and abolishes the female bosom all in six months?

**Q.**—The President says—

**A.**—Where is the President?

**Q.**—He's in Denver, but—

**A.**—He hasn't given up golf, has he?

**Q.**—No, but he says—

**A.**—I know, but he also says this Cold War may go on for a lifetime. That's all you get—one lifetime to a customer. Am I to abandon Stengel until Dulles civilizes the Russians? Poor Casey is having a hard enough time as it is.

## A QUESTION OF TIMING

**Q.**—I admire your local pride but why Stengel? What about the Giants and the Dodgers?

**A.**—Bushers!

**Q.**—Bushers?

**A.**—Bush-leaguers. They play the kind of ball the Russians invented. Winning the American League pennant is like winning a Democratic primary in the South. After that, the Republicans are easy.

**Q.**—So you are interested in politics?

**A.**—I time my interest. When things are really bad, and it looks like a war or a depression, I pay attention. Occasionally, when I'm determined to be gloomy, I read Joe Alsop, but most of the time I just try to coexist with Casey.

**Q.**—And the Russians and the French, the EDC, and the British, Senator McCarthy and Senator Watkins—when do you plan to worry about them?

**A.**—Later.



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and the  
milkman  
agree:



"it's wright for me!"

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back doorstep and I head down the street toward Klein's. This is my neighborhood; this is where I was born, not on this block, but a few blocks away. This is a nice block, nice people, all good Brooklyn rooters. You feel bad, and everybody feels bad with you. That's neighbors.

Outside Klein's is the usual bunch of kids, seventeen and eighteen years old, and it's all baseball with them, too. It's arguments about baseball, and what these kids don't know about the game you can stick in your hat and forget about.

One kid who knows me says, "Hello, Mr. Armbruster."

"How's it," I say.

"You up the game?" he asks. "You see that Klusookitz?"

"He kills that ball," I tell him.

"I see Roe strike that bum out three times," another boy says. "You give him that fast ball an' he moiders."

INSIDE, I talk to Sam Klein about the game.

"A hard one to lose," Sam says, "but you can't win 'em all, Joe."

"I know," I say.

"If he'd passed this Klusowsky," Sam says, "somebody else would have homered. That's fate, Joe."

"Maybe we can still afford to lose one," I tell him.

"Sure," Sam says. "Look how it used to be years ago. You win two out of five an' you think you done something."

"It's still a great club," I tell him. "The best ever."

I come out of Klein's and stop by the delicatessen for some beer. I'm feeling pretty good now, the best since Klusowski hit that home run and robbed us of a game. You know how it is when you have good neighbors? Everybody's on your side; everybody's rooting for you and with you. You can even stand a guy like Uncle Nathan. Where do you find neighbors like this?

I come down the walk toward my house, and Saul Ruskin hasn't moved from his chair on the sidewalk. I go past Saul, and he lifts two fingers in the V-for-victory sign.

"Tomorrow," says Saul.

How can you beat neighbors like that? How can you beat Brooklyn?

Uncle Nathan is standing by the screen door when I come in, and he says, "You gonna slit your throat to-night, Joe, because the Dodgers lost?"

"Jump in the lake," I tell him.

"Take a long run an' jump in the lake." Tomorrow we'll get 'em.



## BOATING

# WALET & CO.

A young skipper and his able crew win the Mallory Cup for the second year



by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

### NEW ORLEANS

THE Southern Yacht Club on Lake Pontchartrain has been famous since 1849 for its hospitality and interest in yacht racing. Last week the club had the atmosphere of Mardi Gras, with a banquet, cocktail party, dance or crab boil going on every night. For 24 sailors, 8 skippers and their 16 crew members, however, it was also a deadly serious time. They were there to sail in the North American Yacht Racing Union's third annual North American Sailing Championship for the Clifford D. Mallory Trophy. The winner is recognized as the top sailor of the United States and Canada.

### FEW WERE CHOSEN

The eight skippers were the survivors of countless elimination races throughout the nation. Thousands of sailors, many of them with national reputations and including Cornelius ("Corny") Shields, 1952 North American Sailing Champion, had been defeated along the way.

Of the eight skippers who sailed in the 1953 finals only one had been able to survive the eliminations this year. He was Eugene Walet III, the pride of New Orleans, who had started the yachting world last year by winning the Mallory Trophy at the age of 18. He had done it the hard way, too, in the foreign waters of Long Island Sound and in keel boats, with which he was unfamiliar. Racing now on his own Lake Pontchartrain and in the Lightning Class boats which he has sailed for years, Gene Walet obviously was the man—or boy—to beat.

A good look at the talent arrayed against him might well have discouraged even a veteran champion. Best known of the contenders were Karl Smith of Buffalo and Henry (Hank) J. Cawthra of Detroit, both of whom have Lightning Class International Championships to their credit. Another big threat was William S. Cox of Darien, Conn., 1930 National Junior Sailing Champion and four-time winner of the International One Design

Class Championship on Long Island Sound. None of the other four was more of a dark horse than Walet had been the previous year.

When the series started on September 8 Bill Cox, with whom I had the pleasure of crewing along with Walter Crump Jr., got off to a flying start by taking the first race, passing Walet in the last hundred yards. By the halfway mark of the eight races, however, it was evident that young Gene was in a fair way to run away with the series. In light and variable conditions he showed shrewd judgment and amazing consistency by adding two firsts and a second to his opening second spot. This gave him a lead over Cox of 8½ points and over Cawthra of 11.

Then Cawthra tightened matters. He won the next two races to come within 7 points of the leader and move 3½ ahead of Cox. With only two races to go, however, Gene Walet would have had to blow sky high to have lost. And that's something he hasn't

been known to do. Sailing conservatively, staying out of trouble and keeping a weather eye on his two chief rivals, he placed fifth and sixth—good enough to hold a 5-point lead at the end over Cox who took a first and a fifth to nose out Cawthra by one point for the runner-up position.

In accepting the handsome Mallory Trophy, Gene paid tribute to his crew, Gilbert (Gibby) Friedrichs Jr. and Allen (Pudgy) McClure Jr. The three of them have sailed together for years, and a smoother working team has seldom been seen.

"As all sailors know," Gene said, "I couldn't have made it without a top crew and Gibby and Pudgy are the best there are."

### THE BEST MAN

A bit of the credit also belongs to Gene's father, Eugene H. Walet Jr., who used to crew for his son and who advised him on strategy in the last two races. After Gene's victory the elder Walet remarked: "It took a lot of will power. Gene didn't sail his usual race. He took no chances of blowing it. And he won."

There's such a thing, though, as spreading the credit too thin. The other contestants agreed after the race that they had lost to the best skipper they ever had matched wits and tiller hands against. The Mallory Trophy, once the property of Admiral Lord Nelson, bears the Nelson motto which, freely translated from the Latin, reads: "Let the best man win." For two years running he has done just that.

## ANNIVERSARY



### THE CHEERFUL LOSER

A gallant challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton (left) saw his last hope to win the America's Cup, symbolic of the world's yachting supremacy, lost at sea 24 years ago this week. In four straight heats, raced off Newport, R.I., Sir Thomas' entry, *Shamrock V*, lost to the *Enterprise*, whose skipper was Harold S. Vanderbilt. Thus ended the doctory Britisher's fifth challenge for the coveted trophy, held by the U.S. for 79 years. His efforts to capture the prize had begun in 1899. After his yacht had finished a mile behind the *Enterprise* in his last race, the 80-year-old sportsman acknowledged: "I cannot win. I cannot win." Will Rogers called Lipton "possibly the world's worst yacht builder but absolutely the world's most cheerful loser."



**WISCONSIN'S** Jim Miller is 5' 11", 175-pound signal-caller for a top team.



**ILLINOIS** pins its hopes on backfield stars J. C. Caroline (left), sophomore white Abe Woodson, and Mickey Bates, huddling here with Captain Jan Smid and Coach Ray Ebot.

## FOOTBALL IN THE GREAT MIDWEST

It includes five of the eleven top-ranking elevens, some of the scrappiest of the small colleges, and is likely to produce some major decisions in the next fortnight

by HERMAN HICKMAN

FROM Pittsburgh to Boulder, Colo., the panorama of Midwest football unrolls next week, disclosing some of the nation's most powerful teams in their first encounters. Within the scope of the survey which follows are five of the eleven top-ranking elevens I picked last week. There is Notre Dame, independent and always in the highest bracket; there is Oklahoma, which dominates the Big Seven; and, from the ranks of the Big Ten, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin.

Less known but no less scrappy are those inhabitants of a 50-mile circuit in Ohio that includes Cincinnati, Miami, Dayton and Xavier. And in the Missouri Valley Conference, there are Oklahoma A & M and Houston. Marquette will bear watching—last year they gave up a total of only nine points to Michigan State, Wisconsin and Indiana.

The Saturday of September 25 will go a long way toward clarifying the situation in the Big Ten. Iowa meets Michigan State in a game which should show whether Iowa will live up to its late-season spurge of 1953, and whether the Spartans have been able to survive the ravages of graduation and the loss of Biggie Munn and practically his entire staff.

More important than the champion-

ship in the Big Seven this year may be the runner-up spot. Oklahoma is not eligible to play twice in succession in the Orange Bowl, so if the Sooners win the second-place team will take the trip. The competition will be heated, and it will be no less so in the Missouri Valley Conference and among the independents.

### THE BIG TEN

**Illinois.** The Illini have the best chance of winning the Big Ten title and going

to the Rose Bowl. The team of J. C. Caroline and Mickey Bates, sensational in 1953, may turn into a 1-2-3 punch this season with the addition of sophomore speedster Abe Woodson. The line led by Captain Jan Smid and Don Tate at guards should be formidable.

**Iowa.** Time and Michigan State will tell. Calvin Jones, at guard, and End Frank Gilliam form the backbone of a line that led the Big Ten in rushing defense last year. Captain George Broder was the top Big Ten punter in 1953



**PURDUE** has a candidate for top honors in Guard Tom Bettis, a veteran lineman.



**NORTHWESTERN'S** John Damore, 6', 220-pound center, is one of Big Ten's best.



**MICHIGAN STATE'S** LeRoy Bolden is only holdover from Rose Bowl backfield.



**OHIO STATE** fortunes rest with Quarterback John Borton, a 6' 1" junior.



**IOWA** has a star in End Frank Gilliam, leading sophomore pass-catcher last year.

and led all the Hawkeye ground gainers with a 4.2 yards average per try. Coach Forest Evashevski's varied offense is very tough to outguess, but even more important is the renaissance of Iowa spirit.

**Wisconsin.** Ivy Williamson, with 21 wins, 7 losses, and 4 ties, has recently been the "winningest" coach in Big Ten play. He has a severe schedule this season, but fine sophomores, good varsity holdovers including Quarterback Jim Miller and last, but not least, Alan "The Horse" Ameche again make Wisconsin a title threat.

**Michigan State.** Over the past three seasons Spartan teams have lost but one of 27 games. They could go on for the title although they've lost 15 players, eight of them regulars, and three coaches. On the other hand, 20 lettermen have returned including such names as Halfback Leroy Bolden, Tackle Randy Schreengost, Guard Hank Bullough and End Carl Diener. Leading sophomore candidates are Backs Lou Costanzo and Rudy Gaddini, End Lacey Bernard, Tackle Ron Latronica and Center Don Berger. Last year's Rose Bowl champions will be younger and thinner, especially in the backfield, than Michigan State teams have been in the past four years.

**Ohio State.** As usual, they're optimistic at Columbus; as usual, their supporters have their fingers crossed. Twenty-five lettermen are back. Quarterback John Borton, injured last year, should regain his 1952 form. The backfield is capable and deep. Howard Cassady and Bob Watkins are veteran backs with speed. They are being pushed by Jerry Harkrader and Jimmy Roseboro. Last year's fullback problem will be solved by two promising sophomores,

Don Vico and Hubert Bobo, battling for the starting position. The line, led by Ends Dick Brubaker and Dean Dugger, has plenty of size but may lack over-all speed. First test is improved Indiana on September 25th. **Minnesota.** Peerless Paul Giel is pitching for the baseball Giants and not Minnesota this year. Despite this, I'm picking my old Tennessee teammate, Murray Warmath, Minnesota's new head coach, to have the surprise squad in the Western Conference this season. He's got 22 lettermen as a squad nucleus. The backfield speed is good. The McNamara brothers lead a competent group of halfbacks. Any Warmath-coached line will be rugged. On the pessimistic side the sophomores are sparse, and Co-Captain Jerry Helgeson was knocked out of his post at center by injury last week. For the first time in 54 years Minnesota will not have any single-wing plays. The Split T has been installed. I repeat: MY Sloper.

**Michigan.** Michigan has to rebuild this year. Fourteen lettermen, 11 of them linemen, are missing. But they have the material. Outstanding men returning are Halfback Tony Branoff, Tackle Art Walker and Quarterback Duncan McDonald. Good sophomores are in abundance with End Ron Kramer and Halfback Terry Barr outstanding. The Wolverines will use more T this year. They should be a good passing team, with McDonald as the best passer and Kramer a mighty fine target. But they're still a year away from their usual top ranking.

**Purdue.** Stu Holcomb contrives at least one upset each year. Last season he broke Michigan State's long winning streak and then finished off his traditional rival Indiana by a 30 to 0 score.

With the exception of one halfback, that same starting team is available this fall. Guard Tom Bettis is the outstanding candidate for national honors. Other stalwarts are End John Keer, Halfback Rex Brock and Tackle Joe Krupa. Leading sophomores are Quarterback Leonard Dawson and Tackle Ed Voytek. As usual Purdue is faced with a difficult schedule but should improve on last season's record.

**Indiana.** Coach Bernie Crimmins says: "We have more to work with this year than either of my first two years at Indiana. We'll be very inexperienced but bigger, faster and, I feel sure, more successful." The team may move up in the standings. Quarterback Florian Helinski and Tackle Nate Borden are possible All-Big Ten selections. One of the most heralded sophomores in the country is 215-pound Halfback Milt

**INDIANA** boasts possible sensation in dethroner star Milt Campbell, halfback.



## THE TEAMS ARE FAST AND TOUGH

Campbell, Olympic decathlon star, who was a spring practice sensation but has not been tested under game conditions. Ohio State should provide that in the opener on September 25th.

**Northwestern.** Coach Boh Voigt's 1954 Northwestern team will be much stronger than those of the last few years—but so will most of its opposition. A veteran team built around 24 lettermen will provide experienced players at every position. A better than average freshman squad of last year figures to add much needed replacement strength. Biggest problem is developing a capable T quarterback. Center John Damore and Fullback Bob Lauter, the 1954 co-captains, are outstanding. Fine sophomore prospects are End Jack Stillwell, Quarterback Ed Broeker and Guard John Lohbauer.

### THE BIG SEVEN

**Oklahoma.** Oklahoma, barring a stunning upset, should win its seventh straight Big Seven Championship. Actually, Oklahoma has outgrown the conference. It has more important engagements in the big intersectional battle at Berkeley this Saturday, and the Texas game in Dallas on October 9th. The Sooners have everything: excellent coaching under Bud Wilkinson and the cream of Oklahoma high school players. Ends Max Boydston and Carl Allison, Quarterback Gene Calame, Center Kurt Burris, and Halfback Buddy Leake, who has converted 50 out of a possible 52 extra points in his career, are all on hand. That gives you some idea of the Sooners' scoring potential.

**Missouri.** Signs point to second place and the Orange Bowl for Missouri. The Tigers, with three lettered quarterbacks returning, should have sound leadership. They have a hard core of senior veterans who got their baptism in 1951 when freshmen were eligible. Charles Bull is the leader of this group at tackle. Bob Bauman at fullback and Terry Roberts at guard were All-Conference last year. Ray Detring, a halfback, and End Pete Corpeny are also outstanding. Don Faurot's



**OKLAHOMA A & M's** hopes Fred Meyer, running and passing quarterback.

seventeenth squad at Old Mizzou may be his best.

**Colorado.** Coach Dal Ward says: "We have as fine a set of backs as anyone could want with Carroll Hardy, Frank Bernardi and Emerson Wilson." Hardy is unquestionably one of the best tailbacks in the country. Despite injuries he has a three-year record of 5.1 yards average gain. If eight graduating line-men can be replaced Colorado could beat out Missouri and spend New Year's in the sun.

**Kansas State.** Coach Billy Meek may have the sleeper. He told me: "This is the best-looking physical squad at K-State since 1951. For the first time we have a few 200-pounders on the line. We will be capable of giving any opponent a tough battle." Coeky Taylor is a halfback to note and Ron Marciniak at guard is outstanding. Even though eight starters are lost Kansas State will be an improved team.

**Nebraska.** Biff Glassford hasn't had the kind of material that once made the Cornhuskers the scourge of the West. He has had his troubles during the past year with players and athletic administrators, but temporarily at least he has weathered the storm. He



**KANSAS STATE** Captain Ron Marciniak, ex-tackle, is key man at guard.

has some fine backs returning in Jon McWilliams and Bob Smith. Speed up front, however, is badly needed.

**Kansas.** Under Coach Chuck Mather, Kansas is starting a new regime. His best men are Captain Bud Buxler at center, Halfbacks Ralph Moody and Bob Allison, and Fullback Bud Laughlin, back from the service. Coach Mather's comment on the coming season: "We won't know much about our prospects until November 20th. Our season ends on that date."

**Iowa State.** There is building to be done at Iowa State. Fourteen lettermen are lost from the team that beat Missouri 13-6 last year. Max Burkett, an All-Conference fullback, and Gary Lutz, an excellent halfback, are back. Leading sophomore prospects are John Breckenridge at quarterback and Don Schulze at tackle.

### THE INDEPENDENTS

**Notre Dame.** Much has been written about the big task that faces youthful Terry Brennan in his first year as head coach. Terry has been brought up in the Notre Dame tradition and groomed well for the position. His team has lost more in quality than in numbers.



**MARQUETTE** Halfback Ron Drzewicki led team last year in rushing and scoring.



**MISSOURI** In Orange Bowl contender with Tackle Charles Bull bulwarking line.



**MIAMI U. OF OHIO** has Shot-Put Champion Tom Jones at tackle.

Ralph Guglielmi at quarterback is another coach on the field and has a sensational emergency replacement in sophomore Paul Hornung. Joe Heap should have another great year at halfback. Better linemen than Frank Varrichione and Ray Lemek won't be found. Word comes from Notre Dame that Terry is "putting them through the mill," and there are many minor early season injuries, but if I know Notre Dame they will be healed into toughness for that first great test with Texas on September 25th.

**Pittsburgh.** Red Dawson will have a better team than last year, but his schedule is even more difficult. Tackles Lou Palatella and Eldred Kraemer will bulwark the line. Halfback Henry Ford is the leading back.

**Cincinnati** will have another one of its fine teams this year, if all its successful seniors still have the will to win. Halfback Dick Goist is tops. Glen Dillhoff is an end to watch. Mike Murphy is a brilliant quarterback, and don't forget Dave Faulkner at center.

**Miami University** of Oxford, Ohio is a tough neighbor of Cincinnati and should win the Mid-American Conference, with Ohio University in the



**OKLAHOMA** End Max Boydston is big, fast, one of many on star-loaded squad.

second spot. Tom Jones, the National Intercollegiate shot-put champion, is Miami's outstanding tackle.

**Marquette** has been Big Ten caliber for many years, and this year has more depth than in 1953. Halfback Ron Drzewiecki ranks with the best, and Quarterback Dick Shockey and Fullbacks Bob Gilman and Dave Donarski are also outstanding. Tackle Frank Scaffidi is a rock in the line.

#### MISSOURI VALLEY

**Oklahoma A & M,** under J. B. Whitworth, should win this far-flung championship, and maybe, someday, upset Oklahoma. Fred Meyers, erstwhile West Point transfer, is expected to do a great job at quarterback.

**Houston.** Young and powerful, the Texans should be another fine team this year despite the loss of Quarterback Bobby Clatterback. Jimmy Dickey is a hot junior college replacement. The best runner is Kennie Stegall with a 1953 average of 6.9 yards per try.

**Detroit.** The co-champions of last year with A & M will again be in the running. Outstanding letterman is Bob Burgmeier, last year's high scorer in the conference.



**NOTRE DAME** fields usual hard-charging line with Frank Varrichione at tackle.



**COLORADO** has triple-threat tailback in Carroll Hardy, back after series of injuries.

## HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

### GAMES OF SATURDAY, SEPT. 18

• **California vs. Oklahoma.** This is the big one. Cal is ready and willing. Oklahoma's only losses in recent years have been early season affairs. I'll have to take OKLAHOMA.

• **Baylor vs. Houston.** Houston upset Baylor 37-7 last year. Revenge is sweet. BAYLOR.

• **Georgia Tech vs. Tulane.** Two Southeastern Conference teams meet early. Tech is loaded. Tulane isn't. TECH.

• **Kansas vs. T.C.U.** Abe Martin is starting his second season as head coach at T.C.U. Chuck Mather is fresh from a fabulous high school record at Massillon, Ohio, but may not be adjusted yet. A trembling vote for T.C.U.

• **Kentucky vs. Maryland.** The grass is blue around Lexington and so are the fans. Coach Blanton Collier is new, his material is weak. Maryland is still mighty. MARYLAND.

• **Rice vs. Florida.** Florida has the manpower for an upset win, but I vote for Dicky Moege and RICE.

• **Texas A & M vs. Texas Tech.** A & M is starting anew under the brilliant Paul Bryant. Texas Tech should still be potent even without Bobby Cava-zos. I'm out on a limb, but—A & M.

• **Wyoming vs. Oklahoma A & M.** A favorite son of the Skyline Conference meets the pride of the Missouri Valley Conference. Though they'll be playing at 7,148 feet altitude at Laramie—in a short breath, OKLAHOMA A & M.

• **Virginia Tech vs. N. C. State.** Earle Edwards is fresh at North Carolina State from Biggie Munn's coaching staff. By this time he's learned that North Carolina State isn't Michigan State. VIRGINIA TECH.

• **Texas vs. L.S.U.** This is a preview of loaded Texas on the Saturday before Notre Dame. Score last year: Texas 7, Louisiana State 20. Nonetheless—TEXAS.

## HORSE RACING

# TWO FOR CLARK

A little-known American has now won both the Derby and the St. Leger

by ALBION HUGHES

TEARS and victory were the pattern last Saturday. Two American winners, in quite different fields and an ocean apart, wept with emotion as they triumphed. In Atlantic City, Miss California, 19-year-old Lee Ann Meriwether, choked with sobs and delight when she was crowned Miss America. And in Doncaster, England, near-octogenarian Robert Sterling Clark wept unabashed when his horse Never Say Die, a Kentucky-bred son of Nasrullah, won the ancient St. Leger before a crowd of 200,000.

A longshot winner of the Derby in June, the colt is the first American horse to win England's classic double since Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois accomplished the feat in 1881. Ridden by "Cheeky Charlie" Smirke, Never Say Die was, as favorite, an easy victor by 12 lengths. The success of this American-bred horse is another link in the ever-growing chain of international racing, as Smirke rode Worden 2nd to victory last fall in Laurel's International.

Never Say Die's victory was hardly more surprising to American trackmen than the thought of Robert Sterling Clark in tears. A 78-year-old New Yorker, he is a brother of the famous Ambrose Clark, whose pearl-gray derby is a familiar sight at the New York tracks.

### MAN OF MYSTERY

But unlike his brother, Robert Sterling Clark is something of a man of mystery. Uncommonly shy, he avoids photographers and reporters as though they were typhoid carriers. Nevertheless, he and his brother, F. Ambrose Clark, made newspaper headlines a decade and a half ago in a dispute about the family property at Coopers-town, N.Y. He got into a tussle with our Jockey Club about their refusal to allow the registration of certain obscure horses—some of which are said to have been Arabians—whose papers didn't meet Jockey Club requirements. Since then he has not raced in this country and his crime and gray, blue sash, have only been seen in Europe.

This despite the fact that most of his breeding operations are carried on in Kentucky and Virginia.

In addition to being a racing enthusiast Clark is an art collector and has founded and endowed the Robert Sterling Clark Art Institute at Williamstown, Mass. to house his collection of paintings, sculpture and silver. Clark has gone about his collecting quietly and without fanfare and, like the late, irascible Albert Barnes, prefers not to be bothered with people wishing to see his objets d'art. Hence the new Institute at Williams College.

Never Say Die is a certainty to receive an invitation to Laurel's International turf race in November. Maybe Mr. Clark's double victory will cause him to mellow sufficiently to relent and let the U.S. see the American-bred horse which captured two of England's great stakes. His cup should be running over, for on St. Leger day his Tip the Bottle won the very next race, the Town Moor.



This is certainly Nasrullah's year. The same day Never Say Die took the St. Leger, the Del Mar Futurity was won by Blue Ruler, another of his progeny, with Willie Shoemaker aboard.

For the first time in New York racing history the weather cancelled out a program. Hurricane Edna made it impossible to race at Aqueduct last Saturday and affected two other tracks in the East. But the Discovery Handicap, the day's headliner, will be run off Friday Sept. 17. So C. V. Whitney's Fisherman will not be deprived of his chance to run in a race which he should, and in fact must, win if he's to be given serious consideration among the top three-year-olds.

Well worth watching as a preview of the Belmont Futurity will be the Cowdin on the last day of the Aqueduct meeting. Nashua, Royal Coinage, Georgian, and Islander, all important two-year-old stake winners, are probable starters in the six-and-a-half furlong event.

Belmont's stimulating fall meeting has 15 stakes on the flat including the all-important Futurity, which will sort out the two-year-olds, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, which could resolve the three-year-old mix-up. Last seven runnings have been won by a sophomore. Level Lea took it last year.

A couple of box-office attractions named Shoemaker and DeSpirito will be at Belmont "in person" to add to the general interest.



### THE WINNER AT WESTCHESTER

Champion Edgerstone Troubadour, a 5-year-old brindle Scots terrier, owned by Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Carter of Burchell, Ky., was named best in show at the 37th Westchester Kennel Club

dog show which was held at Rye, N.Y. last Sunday. Troubadour triumphed over 2,423 other dogs including the Westminster Show winner Ch. Carmor's Rise and Shine.



# THE GENTLE ART OF SWORDPLAY

An aficionado's brief for a once barbaric sport that challenges body, mind and spirit. The author finds it thrilling, rewarding and (left) exhausting, and expects to improve as long as he lives

by PAUL GALLICO

SINCE fencing is the most exciting participant game in which two persons may indulge, it would seem to me that a small fortune might await someone who could devise a method of teaching it that would be less tedious than the existing curriculum and would take a year or two off the time it takes to learn how to skewer your opponent properly while yourself remaining unharmed.

For the art has everything to recommend it to the passionate competitor or the tired businessman in need of exercise and relaxation. It is cheap; it is convenient in that it may be conducted in any fair-sized room or hallway, on a terrace, lawn or in a cellar. *Sabres* devoted to it are conveniently located in big cities. It is not time consuming; an hour and a half between five-thirty in the afternoon and seven is sufficient, including shower and changing. Three times a week is enough to keep a man fit, entertained and happy.

And it is enthrallingly exciting and absorbing. In the entire field of sport there is no more dramatic way in which a man may master another—if you exclude boxing, which is, of course, only a game for hopeless adolescents willing to have their brains addled and features warped to prove not very much.

## LEARNING TAKES PATIENCE

Unfortunately, it takes time to learn fencing's unnatural posture and simplest maneuvers, to train the legs, the eyes and, above all, the hand. It takes even more time to become sufficiently experienced in combat to enjoy to the full the delights of making a monkey out of a fellow citizen—or citizenship, since one of the three weapons, the foil, may be practiced in mixed company.

The fencer never stops taking les-

sons to the end of his days. And those days are long for, unlike other sportsmen, the fencer may continue to compete and enjoy himself through the sixties and into the seventies. One of the toughest old boys in the *Épée* Club of London, who still fights and places regularly in club fixtures, is 74.

Unfortunately, the American is all-out impatient for play. It won't work with fencing. It takes the beginner six months before he gets his legs sorted out and another month before his hand responds automatically to stimuli. After two years he can begin to fight in earnest. But all the time he is learning he is getting exercise employing limb and wind, doing hard, sweat-producing work, disciplining himself and acquiring the rudiments of a fascinating skill which will never leave him.

To begin with a few definitions, there are three standard international weapons available: the foil, the *épée* and the *saber*. They are different in size, shape and weight and each has its own set of rules.

The foil is a light, whippy, four-sided blade with a button on the end. Its target is the torso only.

The *épée* is a stiff, three-sided dueling sword, an adaptation of the rapier, with a large bell, or guard. Its target encompasses the entire body from mask to shoe tip, including hands and arms, its pseudo intent is simple and direct: to disable or kill swiftly. In many tournaments one touch settles the issue, for it is assumed that if one were hit anywhere by this weapon, one would be unable to continue. It is symbolically deadly and hence most interesting.

The *saber* is both a cutting and a thrusting weapon; the whole upper part of the body is vulnerable, including head and arms, and the rules of attack, parry and riposte are such that experienced *sabreurs* communicate

with one another in phrases in the manner of people engaged in performing a duet on instruments. Indeed, the French word "phrase" is a part of *saber* language and denotes a series of questions and replies via the blades, so that their clashing sings a recognizable song. The cutting and slashing movements appeal to—well, cutters and slashers.

## EVERYWHERE I ROAM

I started fencing when I was 36. Today, 20 years later, I can hold my own in good company; I compete on club teams in New York, London and Paris, have fought as a member of a team in both the U.S. and British Nationals, take lessons regularly, keep my weight down and never travel without jacket, shoes and glove. Mask and weapons I can borrow wherever I happen to be, for fencing is a brotherhood as well as a sport.

Thus I have fenced in Istanbul, Athens, Paris, Tel Aviv, Marseilles, Rome, Florence, Milan and Venice, London and The Hague. I fence crossing the Atlantic on the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Queen Mary* and the *Île de France*. Upon arriving in a strange city at home or abroad, I commission the hotel porter or concierge to ferret out a fencing club or fencing master. A couple of hours later I am on the strip, with the local boys queuing up to take a crack at the visiting *fémur*.

My specialty is the *épée*, or dueling sword. My second weapon is the foil. Today, at 56, I have begun taking *saber* lessons—left-handed. Five years from now I will be a fair *saber* fencer. In 10 years I'll tackle anyone. Sure enough, the legs have gone and the reactions have slowed down, but the guile increases. I can't catch the youngsters any more, but if a kid wants to hit me he's got to come close enough to touch. That's all I ask. Youth is served, but fencing really is a game for the

middle-aged and the mature. Captain Charles De Beaumont recently won back the British épée championship at the age of 52. It is great for the ego when, aging but knowledgeable, you flamboy some flaming and impetuous youth and coax him to impale himself on your point.

In boxing you feint with foot, head



#### EPÉE

or hand. You do the same in fencing. In a fight you take the initiative, moving in with leads or back-pedal and wait for a chance to counter. The same holds for a sword fight. With gloves you try to block an opponent's lead or jab. With a weapon this is called a parry. And in the ring, having nullified your opponent's lead with a block, you try to knock his head off with a timed counterpunch. Fencers call the same thing a riposte. And the purpose of both games is to hit without being hit in return.

But whereas boxing is brutal, inflicting pain and eventually serious injury to brain or optic nerve, the fencer is protected by canvas jacket, wire mask and glove. Injury is the result of accident rather than design. The fencer's aim is to establish an intellectual as well as a physical superiority over an opponent. To do so, he uses an adaptation of the same steel weapon with which men once disputed in terms of life and death.

One of the chief charms of fencing is that it is never quite possible to divorce the sport in one's own mind from its romantic and lethal background. And in spite of precautions, accidents do happen from time to time. In épée fighting the three-pronged, needle-sharp *pointes d'arrêt* fastened to the tip of the weapon to aid in registering hits by catching in the cloth of glove or garment sometimes find a weak spot in material or seam and slit open a segment of epidermis, which bleeds most satisfactorily. Sabers can leave a handsome welt. A broken foil can become instantaneously dangerous and deadly.

Steel is a man's weapon. It has always been the great equalizer. Little men have brought big men crashing like storm-stricken oaks by sliding six inches of it gently into their bodies. Speed and guile offset brawn and size; trickery can take the measure of knowledge. The men who fought with the sword risked everything, for to carry death to an opponent they had perforce to expose themselves. In this age,

defeat is the penalty instead of death. But when you go into a bout, the old ghosts seem to rise up beside you and whisper, "Careful—don't let him come too close—he may be going to try the Italian trick"—keep your point menacing his eyes—a man is afraid for his eyes—don't believe that opening where his sword arm has dropped—it is a lie—he is deceiving you—I believed that once, and look—I am dead!"

One of the most fascinating sides to fencing is its revelation of a man's character. By his point ye shall know him. His style and comportment give him away. A few minutes with a man on the strip and you will know whether he is timid, aggressive, honest, dishonest, trusting, deceitful, tricky, guileless, decisive or indecisive, stubborn or easily swayed, impetuous or craftily patient. You read him like a book and you yourself are not able to conceal from him for long what kind of human being you are.

Personally, I find the stiff, triangular-bladed dueling rapier known as the épée the most satisfying of the three weapons, possibly because of the three sharp points affixed to the tip which achieve an actual penetration into some part of the opponent's clothing, for penetration is the swordsman's aim and satisfaction even if, in fencing's civilized adaptation, it is no more than a sixteenth of an inch. The points do catch and hang and sometimes even draw a small quantity of blood. I do not particularly enjoy bashing a man on the nose with my fist and seeing him drip gore, but to prick an opponent with my steel and see his jacket stain



#### FOIL

a little pink at wrist or elbow is, for me, a thrill.

Oddly, it is just as enjoyable to suffer a slight wound in this game and later sport the cicatrice. I once had some five inches of forearm ploughed open when the épée prongs entered a defective seam in the leather-and-canvas glove. My opponent made profuse apologies and did his best to look concerned, but found it difficult to conceal his delight, particularly when

*\* In the 15th century, an Italian master, Achilles Gossio, came to Paris and gave scabbily teaching the bronze can trick—passing the blade of the sword through the legs of the opponent, then drawing it back quickly and cutting the tendon back of the knee. Once brought to earth, the victim could be finished off at leisure.*

examination revealed that the cut, though long, was superficial. About this time I began to feel noble and gallant myself, the wounded warrior. Épée points always leave scars; mine proclaims that I am a sword fighter and I will exhibit it at very slight provocation.

Épée matches are the only kind which may be scored electrically and all competitive bouts are now conducted with electrified swords whose points depress a small spring that makes a connection to ring a bell and light a light when a hit is scored. The fighting of this weapon affords the deepest psychological satisfaction, for it eliminates all human error as well as human vanity. The reluctant-to-admit-a-touch fencer is at the mercy of this loaded sword that rings out its own victory and illuminates the victim. Menaced with it, you fence as carefully and tensely as though your life depended on it, straining to avoid its viper bite and the public humiliation resulting when your opponent slips beneath your



#### SABRE

guard or otherwise diddles you to light your light and ring your bell.

The rules and punctilio of fencing—the salute with the weapon, the repetition of this gesture and the handshake at the end of the match, the gentlemanly restraint, the immediate and unwavering acknowledgment of a hit when there are no arbiters present—are modern and artificial adjuncts to a game which, when conducted for business or political purposes a half a millennium ago, was completely dirty and savage, and in its technique and play bore little or no resemblance to modern bouts with foil, épée or sabre.

As a matter of fact, no two ancient weapons were alike, as each bravo purchased his sword or had it made to suit his own measurements or belt—long, short, whippy, stiff-bladed, hilt- or point-heavy—and the only rule when steel was unsheathed was kill and kill quickly, if necessary by foul means, such as throwing a handful of dirt into your opponent's eyes.

The origin of the development of "seconds" in duels had a most practical basis and came about when the challenged party to a duel in the bois, foolish enough to arrive alone for the encounter, found himself set upon by friends of the challenger who held him while the challenger ran him through and then went off to take bows. Eventually the news leaked out and the

TURN PAGE FOR MORE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS, TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 72







**YOUNG FENCERS** in foil class take guard position on command of Instructor Frenchy Ledet.

## EN GARDE UNDER THE DUELING OAKS

New Orleans teaches swordplay to its youngsters

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY SMITH

**A** HUNDRED years ago the ground beneath a clump of oak trees in what is now New Orleans' city park was often watered with the blood of hot-tempered young Creoles who went there to settle their differences with swords. Today Dueling Oaks again hears the clash of steel. The New Orleans Recreation Department (NORD) has revived the art of fencing, and 170 children from 7 to 18 are being schooled by *maitre d'armes* Clement (Frenchy) J. Ledet Jr.

Pupils who prove adept at skewering opponents in the NORD program graduate into the adult fencing clubs of New Orleans where they may continue their swordplay and become experts. Meanwhile the current class of young bloods, male and female, are busy at their sport with the cry of *touché* only occasionally replaced by a triumphant "Gotecha!"



**FOIL EXPERTS FROM NEW ORLEANS FENCING CLUB GIVE SUNDAY.**

**SABER DUEL BEGINS WITH LUNGE**



**DEFENDER TRIES EVASIVE ACTION**





EXHIBITION BEFORE THE MOSS-HUNG QUELING OAKS. THE PAIR AT LEFT ARE EN GARDE, WHILE AT RIGHT THE LUNGE IS EXECUTED

THE COUNTERATTACK IS LAUNCHED



AFTER THE LUNGE, FENCER RECOVERS



## SPORTING LOOK



At Hollywood Park Pete Sabiston, in jersey jacket (John Alexander, 860), and 1954 Rose Bowl Queen Barbara Schmidt, in jersey dress, talk with jockey Ray York.



# FALL FLYWEIGHTS

Now a man can wear his coat when it's July in October

Until the postwar years, women had a monopoly on seasonally comfortable clothing. A man's suit came in two weights—too warm in summer, too heavy in winter. Today's winter suit weighs no more than yesterday's summer suit (about three pounds) and there are now summer suits which weigh less than a pound. The extremes have been taken care of. But not until this fall has there been an answer to

the question of what to wear to a warm World Series or a September horse race, where a man wants to watch in comfort and still keep his jacket on. There are now two solutions, available wherever sports are played; a wool-jersey jacket in a knit that looks like tweed; a cotton-gabardine suit with all the character of a fine worsted. Both are as light as a summer tropical and wearable six moderate months a year.



At the Polo Grounds Peggy Warren and brother Dick, both in fall-weight cottons, cheer the Giants. Dick's suit (Haspel, \$42.50), of sheer cotton gabardine (they come in olive, tan, gray and black), is the first cotton men's suit designed for fall wear, has center vent, flap pockets, slim trouser and jacket lines.

The men's wear fabrics watched on these pages are unusually light weight for fall. Heller's jersey (left) looks like tweed, is almost wrinkle-proof. Dan River's cotton gabardine (right) comes in fall colors. Both suit and jersey jacket have contrasting tie-pattern rayon linings. Knothe belt (right) matches suit lining. Miss Schmitt's dress of butterfly-pattern jersey and Miss Warren's fall cotton costume are both by Kenneth Tischler.





# GREENBRIER IN AUTUMN

When its three golf courses are decorated with fall colors this West Virginia resort is one of the most pleasant anywhere

by HORACE SUTTON

THE gentleman in the white cap slapping the ball down the multi-colored fairway at the left is playing one of the 45 holes of the Greenbrier Hotel, a mammoth resort at White Sulphur Springs, West Va., that is up to its portico in golf and healing effervescent waters. Its 6,500 acres provide almost any form of recreation which the tired businessman might seek, and there are enough rooms opening off its endless corridors to give sleeping quarters, in a pinch, to 975 guests. While it tries to maintain a practical capacity of 750 to 800 visitors, it has served 1,100 at one meal.

The Greenbrier stands today because in 1778 a rheumatic lady named Anderson immersed herself in a hollowed-out tree trunk filled with local sulphur water, and got up cured. By 1808 the first inn was built, and at a time when Bardeker was cautioning Europeans that Americans still spat in U.S. hotel lobbies, a London visitor to White Sulphur wrote that life there is "only slightly removed from heaven."

## WATERMELON AND CHAMPAGNE

Each morning at eleven, belles and swains would gather at the spa to meet and mingle over watermelon and champagne. Colonel Pope of Alabama formed a Billing, Wooling, and Cooling Society, inscribing the names of its 1,700 members on a pink scroll that hung in the ballroom. Wrote Perceval Remiers, in his 1941 book, *The Springs of Virginia*: "You took the waters or you took a mate or you took both, and with both it was the same; there was no knowing what the effect would be." Three presidents made it their summer White House, and by 1858 the

son-in-law of the first innkeeper expanded to a new hotel called The Old White. It became the nation's most famous, most fashionable hotel. A post-bellum debutante, rather than being launched at Newport, could become a Belle of The White, a title respected on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line. One was Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the original Gibson girl.

## HOSPITAL TO HOUSEPARTY

After serving as a plush internment camp for German and Japanese diplomats at the outbreak of the Second World War, the hotel became a U.S. Army hospital. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, which had bought the resort in 1919, got its title back from the government at the end of 1946. Decorator Dorothy Draper spent \$4 million doing it over, including \$4,000 for potted palms designed to give the lobby an outdoor effect. When it was all ready, Robert R. Young, then C. & O. board chairman, gave it a glittering unveiling attended by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Winthrop Aldrich, Bing Crosby, two Senators, assorted Astors and Biddles and Elsa Maxwell. Said LIFE: "The most lavish on-the-house houseparty of the century."

If there were hangovers the next day, there was no trouble in treating them. The Greenbrier can supply sulphur baths, salt glows, Scotch sprays, needle sprays, whirlpool baths, and electric blanket packs at the push of a bell. High and low blood pressure, arthritis, insomnia and just plain frayed nerves are among the ailments justifying a stay there, and a clinic specializes in giving three-day check-ups to

business executives at a flat \$100 per.

Once a year the 1948 house party is commemorated by a spring festival of business executives and the Greenbrier \$10,000 Pro-Amateur golf tournament. Though the executives pick up their own checks, the Greenbrier puts up the prize money.

Sam Snead, who was raised near Greenbrier's golfing links, is the resort's pro. He oversees the three courses, all of which begin from the Casino, a snug house decorated with a yellow-and-white striped awning where guests can nibble lunch or tea while watching the nibblicks go by or the tennis games on Greenbrier's five courts. Snead holds the record for two of the three courses. He sometimes plays with Greenbrier guests and once took up the challenge of a Cuban named Gustavo Tomeu. Tomeu used his full bag of clubs, but Snead was limited to a sand wedge and a bent tree branch with a lead weight at the bottom. Score: Snead, 78; Tomeu, 86. Snead is emphatically a local boy who played good.



TENNIS AT GREENBRIER is of championship caliber, draws socialite crowds.

**ON FIRST HOLE** of The Old White course a man in a white cap tees off. Old White is 18 holes, 6,368 yards, par 70. The resort's other courses are The Greenbrier, 18 holes, 6,817 yards, par 70, and the 9-hole Lakeside, 1,971 yards, par 39.

## THE STRANAHAN CASE

As a pro Frank should find the tournaments harder and life easier

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

**B**EFORE hopping a plane to Rio last week to play in the Brazilian Open Frank Stranahan announced that he was turning professional. On the surface, it is a thoroughly baffling decision. In the first place the change will make no change at all in Frank's way of life. Since the war he has done nothing but play tournament golf. If on the one hand—not making a nickel from his skill—he was the purest of amateurs, Frank least fitted the amateur's traditional role of the man who plays his game as an avocation. It is hard to see any benefits that will accrue to him as a pro. He regularly competed against the pro pack in Open tournaments, and as a son of a multi-millionaire, he needs prize money like Iceland needs ice. The only things really which the move accomplishes would seem to be quite disadvantageous to Frank. He will no longer be able to compete in amateur tournaments, and despite his father's sanguine statement that he thinks Frank "will be one of the best professionals in the country," it is doubtful if he has the ability to be more than just another pro.

There are, to be sure, several layers beneath the top one as there are in anything that has to do with Frank Stranahan. They encourage discussion and speculation since they attach themselves to a young man who, sometimes because of his own actions and sometimes not, has always been a controversial subject. If you are the son of a rich man competing in the public glare of sports, it is easy to become unpopular. All you have to do is make a few mistakes. Frank has made plenty.

In the 1946 British Amateur, in a match he eventually lost to Gerry Micklem 4 and 3, he fired his caddy on the sixth hole for giving him the wrong line to the pin. (Some on-the-spot observers say it was the wrong line and that the caddy had made earlier errors, but, regardless, you don't send

your caddy in.) The next year in the British Amateur, Frank did an even more foolish thing. On the first hole in his match with George Morgan, Morgan holed a short putt for a 4 and then conceded Frank his 4 by tapping his "gimme" putt into the hole—whereupon Frank graciously claimed the hole on the grounds that he had played only three shots.

The British forgave more easily than we do, perhaps. Not many weeks afterwards, en route to finishing in a tie for second in the British Open, Frank made it very clear by his actions that he had seen the light, and the British press, which had rebuked him soundly, went out of its way to note that it had recognized the change. Since that day, there have been no Stranahan incidents in Britain and he has twice won the British Amateur and performed well in the Open.

At home, however, Frank found it harder to live down his reputation as "the bad boy of American golf," chiefly because he continued to do very foolish things. He hit a batch of practice balls onto a green during a practice round previous to one Masters tournament after he had been specifically requested not to do so by the greenskeeper. He practiced after one of his rounds in a National Amateur not on the practice fairway but on the first tee, and persisted in doing so after a club official had ordered him to stop. For these and similar exhibitions in which he conducted himself as if there was one rule for Stranahan and one rule for other people, Frank was not selected for the 1953 Walker Cup team. While his golfing credentials were in order, the U.S. Golf Association demands, and very rightly, that a candidate for the honor of representing his country be qualified also as a responsible gentleman.

### FAILURE AT DETROIT

Being left off the Walker Cup team made an incisive and lasting impression on Stranahan. There are a number of golf hands who believe that it had more than a little to do with his decision to turn pro. Frank, as they see it, came to feel that only if he captured the National Amateur—incidentally, the one major amateur championship he has never won—could he assure his selection for the team in 1955.

Well, this summer he failed again when he was eliminated in the fifth



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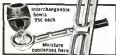
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**BASEBALL**

## TRAVESTY IN FLATBUSH

The decision was by the book but Milwaukee was done wrong

By RED SMITH

IF New York wins the National League pennant by one game over Milwaukee, it will be a phony championship and the Giants will be cheese champions, through no fault of theirs. The Braves got jobbed last week because the men who own baseball haven't heard about weather.

Friday afternoon the Giants lost to Cincinnati and the Braves, playing at night in Ebbets Field, had a chance to cut New York's lead to three games. But Edna the hurricane was barging up the coast lashing rainstorms ahead of her. Rain delayed the start twenty-one minutes past the appointed hour of 8 o'clock. More rain fell from the second inning on. In the fourth inning it interrupted play for an hour and five minutes. In the Dodgers' half of the fifth with two runners on base, none out and Brooklyn leading, 2 to 1, a still heavier downpour drove everybody to cover.

It was 10:53 p.m. Under one of baseball's oldest rules the game was now official, four and a half innings having been completed with the home team ahead. Once a game starts, the responsibility of calling it off rests on the umpires. Umpires loathe responsibility. Larry Goetz, senior member of the working quartet, wasn't going to be accused of rash haste. He sat.

### HOMELESS AND BRAVE

An hour went by. The rain poured. A few dozen fans, evidently homeless, remained in the stands. Midnight, 12:30, and now Goetz told reporters what he meant to do. A National League curfew forbids starting an inning after 12:50 a.m. A game ended by curfew is a "suspended game" which must be completed later. Promptly at 12:50 Frank Secory stood up and waved his mask, his colleagues arose and made flapping gestures. The game was off—completed or suspended? Nobody knew.

Buzzy Bavasi, Brooklyn vice president, telephoned Warren Giles, National League president, in Cincinnati. At 2:05 a.m. Giles ruled the game a complete, official victory for the Dodgers. Under the rules the decision was eminently correct, but the rules are eminently idiotic. A ball game is supposed to be a nine-inning contest. It is not supposed to be played in rain or hail or snow or on a wet field.

### NO EAR FOR REASON

This was a travesty, a caricature of baseball in which an exciting pennant contender got to play only half a game under adverse conditions and lost by only one run. If it costs Milwaukee the championship, it will stand as a diatribe to all the men who have refused to listen to reason.

They have been refusing for years, the men who own baseball. For years Bill Corum has been reasoning with them in his column in the *New York Journal-American*. He has warned them that just such a messy situation as this could arise. He has implored them to take measures to avert it, and he has told them how. They don't listen.

Again and again Corum has pointed out how easy it would be to adjust the schedule so that a week's grace would be allowed after the regular season to play off important games that could not or should not be played on the dates scheduled.

This could be done without making the season longer than it is. This year's schedule allows 167 days for 154 games, many of them in double-headers. There is plenty of air in it. The schedule could easily be tightened to end a week earlier than it does.

If Milwaukee's players and fans lose the pennant because of that parody of baseball in Brooklyn, their indignation will be entirely justified. But none of them will ever get a hearing from the fatheads who own baseball.

# SCOREBOARD

# A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

## RECORD BREAKERS

• **Darn Sale** of Haysen Fair Acres set world record for three-year-old geldings by trotting consecutive mile heats in combined time of 4:02 to win Harsenam Futurity at Indianapolis. Darn Sale covered first mile in 2:01 2/5, second mile in 2:00 3/5.

• **Ire Nagasawa** of Japan broke own world 100-meter butterfly record with time of 1:05.4 in meet at Tokyo.

• **John Clark-Somax**, wearing foam rubber suit and using triple tank of oxygen and helium, set new world skin-diving record of 354 feet off Casino Point, Calif. Old record: 346 feet, set in 1947 in Mediterranean waters by Frederic Dumas of France.

## HORSE RACING

**SWEEP**—Robert Sterling Clark's Kentucky-bred **Never Say Die**, sired by the great Nasrullah, wrapped up second of England's two major racing classics with 12-length victory in St. Leger at Doncaster. Last June, Never Say Die won Epsom Derby, and with St. Leger triumph became first American horse in 73 years to win both races.

**STAYERS**—Mrs. Ada L. Rice's **Pet Bully** fought off stretch challenge by Fairway Farm's Good Call to win Washington Park Handicap. Pet Bully's fast mile (1:24 2/5) earned him \$110,900 for lifetime total of \$283,402.

• Mrs. Marian duPont Scott's **Mighty Ma**, caught in bottom of stretch by Lowry Watkins' Tourist List, made final burst to win three-mile National Cup steeplechase in excellent time of five minutes, 55 seconds. Third in 19-jump test: Monkey Wrench of Mill River Stables.

**JOCKEYS**—Willie Shoemaker, making runway of 1954 jockey championship, rode **Blue Rider** of Murcin Stables to two-length victory in Del Mar Futurity, added two more winners on day's card to raise season total to 253.

• **Al Gordon Richards**, recently retired world champion jockey, began new career as trainer when he took over conditioning of colt by Alycidon out of Eastern Express, bought at Doncaster yearling sales.

**OUT**—Harry Trotter, chief trainer for Hasty House Farm, was handed 30-day suspension by Illinois Racing Board for negligence in connection with stimulant administered as medication to Hasty House's Mr. Black day before he won Grandland Handicap Aug. 14.

**HARNESSES**—William Maybury's **Galapagos** took last two heats to win Horseman Stakes for two-year-old trotters at Indianapolis. • At same meeting another fine juvenile, Hugh Grant's **Captain Adios**, took lead at start and held it all the way to win race-off heat of \$29,000 Fox Stakes for two-year-old pacers.

## DOG SHOW

**UP SCOTLAND**—Champion **Edgarstowna Troubadour**, Scottish terrier owned by Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Carter of Buechel, Ky., won best-in-show over 2,423 other dogs at Westchester Kennel Club show, largest in world for 1954. Beaten in finals: Mrs. Carl E. Morgan's Ch. **Carmor's Rise and Shine**, winner of Westminster show at Madison Square Garden last winter.

## GOLF

**PROS**—Roberto De Vicenzo of Argentina shot four-under-par 67 in final round to win Brazilian Open at São Paulo with score of 277. Runners-up in 72-hole test: Mario Gonnars of Brazil with 281, Bob Toski of Northampton, Mass. with 284.

• **Betsy Rawls**, 26, of Spartanburg, S.C., walked off with St. Louis women's open by going 17 under par over 54 holes for score of 211. Nearest rival: Beverly Hanson of Indio, Calif. with 223.

**AMATEURS**—Allen Guelberger, 17-year-old U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce champion, beat Nils Thygessen of Denmark, three and two, for French Junior title at Paris.

## BASKETBALL

**RESTORATION**—Nat Holman, reinstated as associate professor of hygiene at the College of the City of New York three weeks ago by Commissioner of Education, was restored as head basketball coach by college authorities. Holman had been suspended as of Nov. 18, 1932, for not reporting cash offers made to players later named in bribery scandals.

## FISHING

**GOOD HAIL**—Mexico's tuna team boasted two fish on final day to win international tuna tournament off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia with total of 2,753 1/2 points. Runner-up: United States—whose **Joe Gale** of New York caught biggest fish (783 pounds) of tournament—with 2,169 1/2.

## BASEBALL

**YANKEES ARE DEAD**—Cleveland Indians won 100th game of season—traditional milestone for pennant winner—5-4 over Philadelphia Athletics, then took on second-place Yankees in Sunday double-header. Against Yankees, Cleveland looked every inch a champion. **Bob Luman** won opener, 4-1, for 22nd victory of year, and **Early Wynn** took 21st by 3-3 score in second game. With this kind of pitching, Cleveland headed into final 10 games of season with 8 1/2-game lead. Other Cleveland stalwarts: Center Fielder **Lefty Dobbs**, league leader in home runs with 30; Second Baseman **Bobby Avila**, league's top batter with .346 average.

**DOGGERS AIN'T DEAD**—In National League, Brooklyn Dodgers were making race un-

comfortably close for New York Giants. Dropped to third place early in week by Milwaukee, Dodgers vengefully beat Braves two straight, added two more against Chicago Cubs to climb back to second. By Sept. 13, Giants were still three games in front, but with 13 games left, Durocher's crew would have to improve on last week's record (4-4) if they wanted National League pennant.

**HIG KLU**—While team struggled to hang onto fourth place, Cincinnati Redlegs' Ted Kluszewski was making runaway of home-run race. Smashing 3 in 2 days he led league with 48, nine ahead of nearest rivals, and had moved ahead of Brooklyn's Duke Snider in RBI with 132.

**MINOR LEAGUES**—With big-league teams still heading for wire, top minor-league teams wrapped up regular season play:

• **Toronto Maple Leafs** won International League Pennant, 9 games ahead of Montreal.

• **Indianapolis Indians** took first in American Association, 10 games above Louisville.

• In Pacific Coast League, **Hollywood** and **San Diego**, tied (60-67) after 148 games, headed toward single-game play-off to decide season's standings.

## SAILING

**REPEATERS**—Gena Walst, 19, won Mallory Cup, emblematic of North American sailing championship, at Loka Ponebarstrin, La. with eight-race total of 50 1/2 points. Runners-up in regatta sailed this year in Lightning Class sloops: William Cox of Long Island, 45 1/2 points; H. J. Cawthra of Detroit, 44 1/2.

• **Howard Lippincott** of Riverton, N.J., won third international Comet title in six years with total of 173 1/2 points in five-race regatta at Centerville, Md.

**NEW CHAMPION**—Carlos de Corderos of Cuba sailed **Norwin V** to victory in four of five races to win world Star class championship at Lisbon, Portugal. Runners-up: **Sam III** owned by Durward Knowles of Bahamas; **Morago II** owned by last year's champion, A. Stralino of Italy.

## POLO

**ONE-MAN SHOW**—Pete Bestwick of Westbury, Long Island, scored five goals to lead C.C.C. **Madrook** to 10-5 victory over Brandysine Polo Club in finals of U.S. open championships at Chicago.

## AUTG RACING

**DOUBLE-HEADER**—Gerard Laureat of France, taking advantage of 27-lap handicap, pushed tiny D. B. Panhard to average speed of 68.75 mph to win 94-lap Ulster Tourist Trophy at Belfast. Runner-up to Panhard and first big car to finish: Ferrari, driven by Mike Hawthorn of England and

Maurice Trintignant of France. Ferrari thus gained eight points and wrapped up world sports-car championship for 1954 with season's total of 34 points.

**AAA—Robert Swikert** of Hayward, Calif., won American Automobile Association 100-mile race at Syracuse in track-record time of one hour, 56 minutes, 25.82 seconds. Runner-up: Don Freeland of Los Angeles, only five seconds behind Swikert.

**• Sam Hanks** of Glendale, Calif., won Ted Horn Memorial race at Du Quoin, Ill. Race was shortened from 100 to 83 miles by crash in which Clay Smith was fatally injured.

**NASCAR—Herb Thomas** of Sanford, N.C., driving 1954 Hudson, took lead 20 laps from finish and stayed in front to win his second stock-car Southern 500 by 36 seconds over Curtis Turner of Roanoke, Va. Thomas' average speed for 364-lap grind: 84.83 mph, record for event.

## FOOTBALL

**EARLY FORM**—Professional football enthusiasts got preseason line on favorites when **Detroit Lions**, National Football League champions last season, whipped runner-up Cleveland Browns 56-31 in exhibition game at Dallas.

**• Other preseason favorite**, Los Angeles Rams, left many questions unanswered when they dropped home-town exhibition to San Francisco 49ers by score of 27 to 28.

## MOTORCYCLE RACING

**WEAP-UP—Fergus Anderson** of England took commanding lead for world 350 c.c. motorcycle championship by winning Grand Prix of Nations at Monza, Italy. Winner's average speed over 92.80-mile course: 101.6 mph, record for event.

## MILEPOSTS

**DIED—Glenn Seabey** ("Pop") Warner, 83, football coach at eight colleges (Iowa State, Georgia, Cornell, Carlisle, Pittsburgh, Stanford, Temple, San Jose State) from 1895 to 1940; of throat cancer at Palo Alto, Calif. Pop Warner began coaching in era of hand-bell mauls and flying wedges. His innovations—single- and double-wing back-field formations and unbalanced line—played major part in transforming game to present pattern. Greatest years were at Pittsburgh, where teams won 29 consecutive games (1915-1918); at Stanford, where he sent three teams to Rose Bowl between 1924 and 1932; and at Carlisle where he coached and developed Jim Thorpe into nation's finest all-around athlete.

**DIED—Hubert Hulsman**, 21, world champion motorcycle racer in 125 c.c. class; of fractured skull suffered when cycle crashed during trials for Grand Prix of Nations at Monza, Italy.

**DIED—Clay Smith**, 39, chief mechanic for four Lincoln stock cars that swept their division in 1953 Pan-American road race; of injuries received when rival car blew tire and crashed into mechanics' pit where he was stationed during AAA race at Du Quoin, Ill.

## BASEBALL (Major Leagues) Week ending September 12

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. CLEVE.	W 3 L 1	Sea 6-1, 2	Phi 6-3, 4	Det 4-2	N Y 4-1, 3-2
Score 106-40					
Pct. .722					
2. W 3 L 5	Sea 6-1, 7	Phi 8-2, 1	Chi 4-3, 3	Cleve 1-4, 1	
Score 95-68					
Pct. .644					
3. CHI W 4 L 4	Sea 7-2, 3	Wash 3-3, 0, 2	N Y 3-4	Sea 3-5	Phi 3-5
Score 91-54					
Pct. .625					
4. DET. W-5 L 3	Chi 9-1, 3-2	Sea 5-3, 0-6	Phi 5-3-1	Wash 3-2, 3-1	
Score 64-79					
Pct. .611					
5. BOST. W 3 L 5	N Y 4-2, 3-7	Phi 6-2, 3-0	Chi 4-3, 3	Sea 3-5, 3-7	
Score 65-79					
Pct. .611					
6. WASH. W 4 L 5	Phi 6-1, 2-3	1-2, 3-0	Sea 3-4, 3-0	Chi 3-5, 3-8	
Score 81-87					
Pct. .627					
7. BALT. W-4 L 4	Cleve 1-4, 3-2	N Y 2-6, 1-0	Phi 4-2, 3-3	Chi 4-3, 4-3	
Score 48-56					
Pct. .553					
8. PHILA. W-7 L 3	Wash 6-3, 3-2	Cleve 3-2, 4-5	Det 6-1, 2	Sea 3-4, 3-4	
Score 48-56					
Pct. .553					



# FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

## KEY TO SYMBOLS

**BO** = season opened (or opened); **BC** = season closed (or closed); **SV** = season varies by district or water.  
**C** = clear water; **D** = water dirty or oily; **M** = water muddy.  
**N** = water at normal height; **SH** = slightly high; **H** = high; **VH** = very high; **L** = low; **R** = rising; **F** = falling.  
**WT50** = water temperature 50°.  
**FG** = fishing good; **FF** = fishing fair; **FP** = fishing poor; **OG** = outlook good; **OP** = outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

**BLACK BASS:** PENNSYLVANIA: Most streams in central state improved as rains raised levels and washed away algae, FG in Juniata River and at mouth of Conodoguinet with plugs, spoons and bait. OG rest of month. Upper Allegheny FL with serious algae condition. FP, OP. Delaware River starting to produce as rains and cool nights have started big small-mouth moving. OG.

MISSISSIPPI: Potomac Lake reports FG for big-mouths to 3 pounds, OG. Dale Hollow and Center Hill lakes are best bets for smallmouth through rest of September.

NEW YORK: Smallmouths and largemouths active in Chautauque Lake, with best baits crayfish (west end of lake) and nightcrawlers (east end); suburface plugs producing well for early rises. St. Lawrence River still so-so, with lots of 1-to-2-pound bass in Clayton area as local talent starts tooling up for fall musky fishing.

MICHIGAN: FF on Lake St. Clair with poplite bugs doing bulk business along shore weed beds but bass averaging small.

MINNESOTA: White River L, C, FF with a few bass taking live bait. OG. Lake Norfolk (upper end) VL, C, FF with surface lures producing occasional 4-to-7-pound fish. OP.

MAINE: Prospects for fall bass fishing are poor as Eliza, fouled up all fishing last week, left lakes high and bass steady.

ONTARIO: Lake Simcoe reports FG, especially at Sibbald's Point and Georgian Island areas; Head Lake (Haliburton region) and most lakes in Temagami district giving fine sport, with 5-pounders showing occasionally.

TROUT: CALIFORNIA: Both slopes of Sierra Nevada report FG; 8 1/2-pound brown taken from West Walker River near Bridgeport on last last week; FG on Feather River and tributaries. South Fork of the Yuba, Stanislaus and American rivers. Truckee River producing planted rainbows from Tahoe to Truckee, big native browns below Truckee in Verdi with best bass marlinous streamers and woolly worms.

COLORADO: Arkansas River (Salida-Louisville area) L, C, FG mornings and evenings. OG. Gunnison River (Gunnison area), Lake Park. East and Omichi are L, C, FF with flies and spinning lures. OG. Frying Pan L, C, FF. OG. Jefferson Lake VL, OP. Lake Estes full, trolling fair but fishing poor from bank and OP. Roaring Fork, Crystal and Colorado are L, D, FF with bait only.

OREGON: Netterville River still L, C, but area on cutthroat to 20 inches moving upstream after recent rains; OG, with best lure a weighted streamer fished at mid-depth.

NEVADA: All Mojave streams producing well with Big Hole taking top honors. Yellowstone and Madison yielding limits to dry-dry triglers. Firehole coming along nicely. OG for top fishing of season through remainder of month. WYOMING: FG in Platte, Laramie, Green and

Shoshone rivers. Retimose and Pathfinder reservoirs, and OG through September.

WASHINGTON: Fly-fishing slowing on lakes, but early morning and late evening trollers and salmon-egg soakers still getting action and OG after first frost; best bet for big rainbows in Jamison Lake in Douglas County, closed since mid-July and reopened Sept. 15.

IDAHO: FG on high lakes as some start to freeze over; Salmon River and all forks at peak of season and OG next week or ten days.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Sea-run cutthroat now showing up well in most estuaries and in Nimpkish, Salmon, Campbell, Qualicum and lower mainland streams; lower Campbell very good; upper Cowichan producing fine browns and rainbows. OG through September; Kamloops fishing in interior lakes improving steadily with Big Bar, Surrey, Saanich, Chilco, Hi Hume reporting FG and OG. With Adams River sock-eyes now showing in Shuswap Lake, rainbow fishing at mouth of Adams should be great shortly.

WASHINGTON: Trout fishing greatly improved as fall weather sets in, with most lakes producing well; Ross Lake in upper Skagit River excellent for rainbows and cutthroats averaging 14-16 inches and smacking hot spoons; Rainbow Lake (Columbia basin) open for fly-fishing only and good for new-limits of 12-to-15-inch rainbows through next two weeks.

WALLEYED PIKE: PENNSYLVANIA: Pymatung Reservoir, usually hot now, in low and mostly as pairs chased shadown last week; FF until level rises.

TEXAS: Norris Lake producing walleyes in 3-to-8-pound class and should continue good this month.

TARPOON: FLORIDA: Big school of tarpon reported miffing around at mouth of Shark River in Everglades National Park but no fishermen seen by our agent.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Heavy rains last week raised rivers an outlook continues good on Miramichi, Calne, Restigouche. OP on Takusimie and Big Tracadie until Oct. 1 or later (SC Oct. 31) and on Sevego (SC Sept. 30).

NOVA SCOTIA: Two top rivers in province are Margaree (35 salmon last week) and Sheet Harbour but OP unless rains raise stream levels.

STRIPED BASS: OREGON: FG and improving at Coon Bay, with fish running to 40 pounds and taking yellow flatheaded jugs and pichard bait; salt-water fly fishermen scoring on smaller fish in schools as large bass travel singly; OG while weather stays put.

MASSACHUSETTS: Despite hurricane the bass should be plentiful in Cape Cod canal and around Nantuxet and the Vineyard through

most of October unless Edna bay migration routes achieve.

NORTH CAROLINA: Smallish stripers schooling in northeastern sounds, with peak catches due in October.

CALIFORNIA: Salmon trollers picking up big bass between Alameda and Municipal Pier in San Francisco Bay using wire line and heavy sinkers for depth in rough water; Napa River is crammed with small stripers; muddling fish plentiful on east side of San Pablo Bay; OG all through this area.

MUSKELLUNGE: NEW YORK: Floating weeds from recent cutting operation hampering Lake Chautauque trollers as anglers continue to score with 3-to-15-pound fish but nothing over 25 reported; live bait just starting to produce and will improve as water cools; a few medium muskies taking surface plugs east near shore after dark. OG. St. Lawrence fishermen taking some 12-to-15-pound fish, with Carleton Island off Cape Vincent fairly hot, but no trophy fish reported last week.

MINNESOTA: Lake St. Clair producing nicely with one 25-pounder and several in 15-pound class hooked last week; OG through September.

VERMONT: OG; throughout most of majority territory fishing pressure has dropped sharply as school resumes and citizens daydream of a little Arbor Lake peasant; FG in Big and Little Arbor Lake, Squire Lake, Squire Lake, Squire Lake; slow in Langlade County; improving in Forest County.

ONTARIO: Musky-fishing is hot in Lake Nipissing-French River watercourse and in Manitowish Island section of Georgian Bay as spoons and wobblers produce best results with one 50-pound fish landed last week from this water and OG through September.

PENNSYLVANIA: Lake Canadota (Crawford County) produced a 42-pound fish last week as Lake Efford continues to yield midlows and Allegheny River smelt, lit. a fig.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA: Fishing excellent from the lower Klamath upstream to Blue Creek with river clearing and OG; FG in Mad, Matine and lower Kel rivers for smaller fish, with lunkers lowering in Trinity and Sacramento rivers.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Stamp River L, FF but OG as fall fish should be moving in soon, from a fall of fish, with good reports from Silver Creek. OG generally as fall runs get under way.

ONTARIO: Deschutes River L, V, FG in lower river with flies and spinning lures. OG with best results in early morning and late evening.

BLUEFISH: FLORIDA: Blues should be showing soon in Stuart area, then working southward, and old-timers predicting a big run as bait is abundant in the area.

NORTH CAROLINA: Bluefishing has slumped around the inlets since late August as hurricanes brushed the Carolina coast, and OG for inshore anglers.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: 3,500 cohoes tagged by sport fishermen over weekend with average weight 18 to 15 pounds as phenomenal run of silvers turned up last week off Olympic Peninsula; Strait of Juan de Fuca producing limits of 14-to-18 silvers on herring bait or trollied dogies.

OREGON: FG in Nehalem River (inside the bar) for chinook and coho; OG with mooched herring bait lure.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Chinooks tapering off but some big fish still off Campbell, Comox and Albern reports; OG except at Nimpkish River. Coho fishing good and improving, with limit catches at Hovets Bay; good fishing at Campbell River, Kye Bay and around Sogey; Cowichan Bay will start producing soon and outlook is excellent for silvers in all B.C. waters as fall fishing nears peak in a peak year.

PUNKNEEDED SUNFISH: OHIO: Unidentified 7-year-old boy hooked and landed a 45-ounce sunny from Muskingum River using steelie Kirby hook and minnow worm.



## NO YEAR FOR KINGS

It was a season of upsets, surprises, and one bright hope fulfilled

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

VIC SEIXAS' conquest of Rex Hartwig on Labor Day at Forest Hills was a fitting end to a curious tennis year. Most tennis fans, including myself, thought last January at the season's opening that the circuit would be dominated by Australia's Lew Hoad or our own Tony Trabert. But how wrong we all were! Trabert won only the French Championship and Hoad the Eastern Grass Court title at Orange—pretty small diadems for the crowns of the supposed kings of the tennis world!

But it wasn't a season of kings. The world over, every major tournament has been captured by a different player. Rose won the Australian title, Patty the Italian, Trabert the French; Drobny finally realized his life's ambition to take Wimbledon, Hoad took Orange, Richardson won at Newport, and now Seixas at Forest Hills.

Vic's defeat of Rex Hartwig was in the best tradition of a Seixas game—he had hustle plus fine serving and volleying. Hartwig, on the other hand, brilliant shotmaker though he is, cooled off early and lost in four sets. He had defeated a shaky Tony Trabert in the quarter-finals, continued his onslaught against his countryman Ken Rosewall in the semis with a straight-set shellacking, but against Seixas he crumbled after the first set. Hartwig has yet to win a large singles tournament; for Vic it was his first important title since Wimbledon in 1953.

### A PRODIGY GROWS UP

Aside from Doris Hart's long-delayed triumph in the women's singles, the most exciting and heartening performance was put on by Ham Richardson. Here was a young man who at 16 had been considered a tennis child prodigy. Experience and international competition was all that Ham needed. He got both on the 1951, 1952 and 1953 Davis Cup teams, but he did not progress

as fast as many thought he would.

This was the year that would decide Ham's tennis future. He won an exhausting Newport tournament in August, defeating Straight Clark in a final match that went for more than four hours. In the National Championships he won the most notable victory of his career when he took Hoad in the quarter-finals. All in all, Richardson has registered the greatest improvement of any of our men players, and he must now be seriously considered as a grass court candidate for a singles berth on the Davis Cup Team—provided we get by Mexico.

### "RETRIEVER" TYPES

The only reason he isn't on the team with Trabert, Seixas, Bartsen and Moylan against Mexico, in fact, is a technical one. The 7,000-foot altitude and composition surface at Mexico City guided the selection committee in choosing "retriever" types like Bartsen (a tireless player and our National Clay Court Champion) and Moylan (winner of all but one tournament on "slow" courts this summer).

Richardson's improvement, I believe, is due primarily to a better forehand and development of his overall tactics. He has cut down his mistakes on the right side by sacrificing speed for accuracy. Finally, he has licked his diabetes and his leg cramps which in turn has given him more confidence.

As I sat watching the Hartwig-Seixas finals, I thought again of Australia and the matches between our men and theirs. In the past few years we have made much of the "partisan crowds in Australia upsetting Americans." But here at Forest Hills it was "root, root, root for the home team"; we backed them with everything we had. When the match was over, I wondered if Harry Hopman and his boys had any thoughts on the subject. I know I did!

When **YOU** buy a new home the odds are in your favor that

THE  
BUILDER

you  
buy it  
from



THE  
ARCHITECT  
who  
designed  
it



THE  
MORTGAGE  
LENDER

who  
financed it



THE DEALERS  
and  
DISTRIBUTORS  
who supplied  
the  
materials



THE  
REALTY  
SALESMAN

who  
sells it  
to you



all read  
**house + home**

the greatest influence in homebuilding

DESIGN - CONSTRUCTION - FINANCE - SALES - MODERNIZATION



YESTERDAY

# FREEDOM FROM SPORTS

It was lost to Chinese students when the calisthenics-crazy Reds took over

by MARIA YEN

*In 1948 when the Communists captured Peking, the ancient capital of China, the residents lost many cherished freedoms. One of these involved sports—not freedom of sports so much as freedom from sports. Now Maria Yen, a student at Peita University who has since escaped to Hong Kong, has—with the assistance of Richard M. McCarthy—written the first description of this strange reversal in the following article. It will form part of a book, *The Umbrella Garden*, to be published Sept. 21 by Macmillan (\$4).*

TO BE honest about it, Peita was always backward in athletics. We didn't mind; it didn't make much difference to most of us. After all, Peita was a place for things of the mind rather than for things of the body or what a Hindu or Christian would call the "spirit." However, after the victory over Japan Peita did make a gesture toward the "modern" Western concept of physical education by asking freshmen to devote two hours a week to supervised exercise. The next year, to emphasize this new concern for sports, the school authorities required sophomores to take physical training too. But older students remained free of this compulsion.

The physical training courses for freshmen and sophomores used to be worth going to just as spectacles. At the first meeting the teachers would tout on their whistles to round up their charges, and then explain to the students clustered around them that university regulations forbade students to miss more than one-third of the classes during a semester. Anybody who did not want to come, of course, might do as he pleased, but it was imperative for him to remember how many times he had cut lest he miss more than one-third of the sessions and embarrass the instructor.

But at the end of each term, we faced the same reckoning we faced in the classes we held in higher esteem. There had to be an examination—just as there has to be an election in the USSR. The men's examination consisted of three special tests of each student's speed and stamina. The baseball throw was the first. A target about one *chang* (10 feet) in diameter was painted on a wall. Each contestant had to back off a distance of four or five *chang* and try to hit the big bull's-eye with a baseball. Each student got five

tries. Some of my friends, I regret to say, missed every time.

The second test, basket shooting, required the examinee to dribble the ball from the center of the court down to one basket. After sinking a basket at this end, he had to dribble back to the other end, put the ball through the hoop there, retrieve it and dribble back to the center of the court while a stopwatch measured the time he took for all this. With the whole class to grade, the basketball test usually made the period run overtime. Some students took two minutes or more and racked the onlookers with impatience.

The last event, the one hundred meter dash, was the greatest fun of the whole program. On warm days in late spring, the bright sun made the contestants too languid to care about winning. Winter was just as bad; no intelligent man was going to work up a lather of perspiration and then face the chance of taking cold standing around to watch his friends perspire too. In one race a friend of mine started off the mark at the signal with the others, dressed like most of his rivals in his cotton-padded gown and fur cap, with his woolen muffler trailing behind him. Chatting and joking, their hands tucked inside their sleeves for warmth, they made the impatient timer wait so long at the finish line that he could only shake his head in silent despair. The time of the winner, who wasn't my friend, incidentally, was something over twenty seconds. It was some sort of world record at least, my friend told me when he came back to pick me up.

## 'MANDARINS IN TRAINING'

Peita, remember, was descended from the old "Capital Academy," whose students had been selected by national examinations as candidates for the dignified profession of governing the nation. Like earlier "mandarins in training," Peita students of my generation cherished the "great intellectual tradition" and believed it was below their academic dignity to scamper about like children chasing kites.

Some students at Peita, of course, did not care as much as these young "mandarins" did for personal dignity. Every clear afternoon saw games underway on the basketball and volleyball courts, although only a fraction of the school population played often enough to get any real benefit from regular exercise. It is not quite accurate, either,



to say that all freshmen and sophomores joined the physical training classes. The university doctor was liberal about certifying students as unfit to participate in such strenuous exertion and they were automatically excused.

Peita also boasted several athletic associations which regularly challenged teams from other schools to basketball and volleyball contests. The Titan Athletic Club, a survival of more strenuous days during the war when Peita had joined other refugee universities in forming Southwest Union University, met the Tsinghua team periodically in volleyball. But despite our cheers it was more often than not the loser.

#### THE NORTH STAR INFILTRATORS

The North Star Athletic Club was a somewhat larger association, but only a few of its scores of members were real athletes. Instead of sport, the real end of this group was to serve as concealment for underground political activities under the National Government. When large numbers of Communist and "progressive" elements deserted the campus and crossed the lines to the other side, during the last months before the Liberation, the North Star Club lost four out of every five members. This group died a natural death, therefore, which was only proper, for it had accomplished its purpose.

With the "Liberation" healthful physical exercise rapidly began to play a more important role in our lives. Our new leaders exhibited a concern for building healthy bodies by mass exercise never dreamed of by our school authorities in the old days of *laissez-faire* or rather of "may-yo fa-tse," or "well, it can't be helped." Perhaps the new emphasis upon physical conditioning was partially in compensation for our more restricted diet, and certainly the vast majority of students didn't appreciate it. But, undeniably, it was good for us young "mandarins" to sweat like ordinary people.

Before things really got organized systematically, the most popular new form of exercise was the drum dance, which is not to be confused with the *pong-ko* or "planting dance." The drum dance involved a double row of men and women students, clad in short garments, lined up on the Peita drill field. Drumsticks poised above red-painted drums hanging from our waists, we thumped away on the stretched parchment drumheads, took a stride, wheeled about-face and turned again in imitation of our physical training instructors. After a year's training, however, few of us could play a complete series of flourishes. Most students knew only the simplest, elementary theme: Thump, thump! Thump, thump, thump! "You there—about face!" Thumpety, thumpety, thump! "You—kick out your leg and land out on your foot!" Or, as an extra flourish, you kicked your leg high while you reached around down under your thigh and gave the bottom of the drum a hearty whack. It was scarcely swanlike, but it was energetic. One of our leaders commented to me with enthusiasm that it was "fine discipline for getting us to do things together.

Rhythm, you know, is a group thing, a cement to bind us closer together." It was the only time I heard anybody waxing poetic about the drum dance.

Later on all Peking schools were officially called upon to institute a more systematic method of mass physical training with the announced goal of hardening the bodies of students and building up their strength to prepare them for active service for their government. This was our introduction to arm-waving group calisthenics performed at the shouted commands of a drill leader. The most unpopular fact about this innovation was the time appointed for our drill. We were called out in front of our dormitories at 7:00 every morning for a session before most of us were really awake, so that we went off to our first class feeling the dried perspiration stickiness inside our clothes.

The stretching and arm-swinging, the push-ups, the hopping and bending and squatting at the call of our leaders were described as "new Soviet-style physical conditioning." While these contortions did superficially resemble the exercises conducted in other armies, we were told, Soviet scientists had added new "progressive movements" to the repertoire which were largely responsible for insuring that soldiers of the Red Army were in better physical trim than troops in more backward nations. This was not the best propaganda in the world for us; there were mumbblings of "But we're not in the army yet."

For our younger brothers physical training was reorganized in the middle schools to make sure that graduates would be in better shape if they were called into the nation's expanding military forces. Baseball, which had been fairly popular after the war but still secondary to volleyball and soccer, was neglected for awhile by the new authorities as an American game. But it was soon revived when the authorities discovered in it certain "military values."

#### THE SOFTBALL GRENADE

New stress was put on the baseball throw with a missile shaped like a crude grenade substituted for the old softball. Track and field now emphasized the steeplechase for endurance and the running broad jump and high jump for agility. New tests were introduced in rope-climbing and ladder-scaling, useful for any later military training. Such strenuous feats were reserved for the men, of course; girls joined in the drum dance and in the group calisthenics but were excused from the semimilitary types of activity.

As you can see, the new physical hardening program involved everybody and nobody liked it, except those stern individuals who prided themselves on the physical rigors they could endure. But it must have pleased one group of people at least. It must have given the instructors we had harassed for so many years infinite pleasure now to stand in front of us and watch the dignified young mandarins who had taken twenty seconds to stroll 100 meters a year ago flailing their arms desperately and bobbing up and down, red-faced and sweating, to the shouts of demanding drill leaders.



boys took to showing up with friends of their own, which often led to a free-for-all on the spot and later to the punctilio of seconds, as well as the principals, crossing swords and later still to the purely representative function of the second.

You might believe that fencing calls for a certain kind of excitable foreign temperament, and one tends to think of the sport mostly in connection with fiery Europeans with moustaches. But the fact is that fencing has a temperament, a life and behavior all its own which it grafts onto Anglo-Saxons, Americans, Swedes, Englishmen, Danes or what not, for they all shout and yell on the strip and carry on like maniacs. I have seen some very cold British fish in action, including doctors, Q.C.'s, businessmen and a Sea Lord, and it moves them all alike. Only the week before writing this I was in a competition at the Lansdowne Club in London; there were ten of us, nine Englishmen and one American, and there we were shouting, hollering and running at one another, stamping our feet and bellowing "Ho!" and "Ha!" and "He he," cursing misses, howling with anguish over errors and behaving most un-British. Temperament was all over the place.

#### TIMIDITY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE

You bellow or shout at your opponent for two reasons. One is to panic, frighten or at least disconcert him, a perfectly legitimate and permissible maneuver in what is otherwise a gentleman's game. The other reason is that, during a long mental duel which frequently precedes the physical clash—a period of lightninglike frisks, probes, shiftings of feet, head, hands, changes of distance, maneuvers for range and balance—the tension becomes so unbearable that release brings explosion. Once the die is cast and the attack is launched, bringing on the fury of crashing blades, cries are torn from the contestants that they are unable to control.

Fencing, more than any other sport I know, is a game of will power and spirit. There is no quicker way to get licked than to take the strip timidly, in awe of an opponent. On the other hand, there are few games where a confident and capable performer can take such command at the outset and impose his will upon the other long before swords or bodies have clashed. I once met, fenced and beat an Olympic champion before I knew who he was. I missed the name. To me he was just

another Joe with anépée in his hand and I set out to take him. Later, when I found out who he was and we fenced again, he murdered me.

In fencing, there are periods where two opponents are in contact with another through the medium of two thin shafts of steel. These are very like antennae down whose length messages of strength, weakness, anticipation, nerves, tensions, plan and counterplan are broadcast. Each pressure on the blade, each beat, each probing for the weak and strong of the weapon has its



**AUTHOR AT BAY** in his fencing club in Liechtenstein, where he now lives.

separate meaning to both fencers. It is as though, while the intellect is occupied moving feet and bodies for advantageous positions, the swords were holding an independent conversation, most of which is wool-over-the-eyes, shameless deceit, a blind and a tissue of lies. For the only time a fencer does the expected is when he has managed to make it wholly unexpected to do so. The element of surprise is vital and a crafty fighter will spend minutes building up premises of false security in his

opponent's mind, deluding, seducing and lulling him.

Again, a wary opponent will suddenly realize that his nervous and quivering blade is telling too much and not only giving him away but affording his opponent the opportunity to take command of it. Then he will disengage himself and his steel from all contact. With communication broken, the men become like two wary fighting cocks, for now it has become a pure guessing game but one which can instantaneously explode into violent action as each attempts to lead the other into mistakes.

It is a creative game, since one is constantly improvising. Yet there is little in fencing for the spectator and in particular the layman, for this is an affair of feeling as well as participating or seeing. It is a highly emotional sport, but the emotion is shared only by the contestants, leaving the observers usually high and dry, with only an occasional visibly pretty hit to applaud.

#### SEE AND YOU'RE IN BUSINESS

And now, should you find yourself interested in joining our company of the romantically bemused, here is a quick rundown on what is needed. Since all fencing begins with lessons in the classic fleuret or foil, acquire a pair of these, costing four or five dollars apiece, a mask, glove and jacket. Slacks and ordinary sneakers will do for the beginner. The whole outfit won't cost more than fifty dollars and will last for years.

You can find a fencing master and take private lessons but it is better to join a fencing club and become steeped in the curious and appealing atmosphere of fencers and fencing. The club professional will give you lessons and the older members and club hot-shots will give you tips and fence with you occasionally and keep you from forming bad habits before your good ones are set. The first year or so it is also a good idea to put up a target in your room at home and lunge at it every day. Makes for accuracy and teaches you to aim and keep your point in line. It is a good idea to start kids when they are 14 or 15, but you can begin at any age and become a good performer if you are not in too much of a hurry.

One thing I can promise you: you'll thank me someday if I have managed to get you started. You can take the word of one who has had a crack at most games played by two or more people. For sheer fun and excitement, fencing beats them all.

## IS IT CRICKET?

Sirs:

The picture of Col. Andrew Jones (SI, Aug. 30) standing with his foot on a 670-pound bluefin tuna calls to mind an incident that occurred in the presence of the writer in 1938, when a small party had returned to Sarasota from a shark-fishing trip in the Gulf of Mexico. In the catch was a beautiful 16-ft. Leopard Shark which was hauled up on the dock. In the party was a member of Congress who was a national political figure. The congressman wanted his picture made with his foot on the shark, occupying the same stance as Colonel Jones. This brought a sharp protest from our veteran guide, who said it was very bad taste, improper and an evidence of bad sportsmanship to have a picture made with the fisherman's foot on the fish.

Later I checked the guide's statement with Rube Allen (Fishing Editor of St. Petersburg Times) and Robert Laving, a nationally known deep-sea fisherman, and both said the guide's protest was correct, and that it was bad taste and poor sportsmanship to have your foot on the fish. A similar statement will be found in one of the hooks on deep-sea fishing by the late Zane Grey. . . .

J. CARL LAMBDIN

Jefferson City, Tenn.

ing 14½ lbs. and 33 in. in length. Since it was my first big one, I'm very proud of it.

The fish was hooked in Eagle Lake at MacKenzie's Big Eagle Muskie Camp, Eagle River, Ontario.

MRS. RUBY ANN KELLOGG  
Carmel, Ind.



MRS. KELLOGG AND CATCH

## EMOTIONAL CUBS

Sirs:

. . . I couldn't help but grit my teeth when I read the letter to all Joe Nolan Cubs (SI, August 16). We in Physical Education believe too much emphasis is put on winning and this was good proof of it. I don't know if Pexton is a Physical Educator or not, but if he is, he is reflecting poorly on his Alma Mater.

Anyone who has studied child growth and development knows that tactics like he used are harmful to children emotionally. When a child makes a mistake you don't call him down on it in front of others. He's using adult and professional tactics on a little boy 11 years old. Maybe none of those boys were hurt by this because they won, but turn the tables around. What if they lost and these mistakes were made in the game? How would those boys have felt? Why take a chance on hurting the mental health of a child for the glory of winning a game?

To take their league apart, boys that young shouldn't play at night or in front of spectators. You can see the spectators bothered Buddy, for he told two of his own family he didn't want them there.

Let's get together on these leagues and educate the children, instead of trying to promote championship players. . . .

A. F. SEEMKEIT  
Director  
Recreation Dept.

Reedsburg, Wis.

● Coach Pexton, an industrial engineer, says, "Out here we think this is a good way to combat juvenile delinquency. We are aware of this standard complaint but we haven't found any ill effects." —ED.

## FOUL ANGLE

Sirs:

. . . Of particular interest was the aerial night photo of Yankee Stadium. I was always under the impression that baseball diamonds were perfect geometric squares; however, the foul lines in this picture are anything but perpendicular to each other. At that rate the Yankees are winning pennants by hitting foul balls. Also if the bases are 90 feet apart, Yogi Berra has a short throw to second base. No wonder nobody can steal second base on him in "his park." Then too those "flet" Yankee base runners should have an easy time of it beating out slow rollers to third base because of the long throw to first base.

F. O. BURMASTER

Minneapolis



● Geometric squares they are as this diagram shows. Photographer Peskin explains that the distortion is the result of the oblique angle from which the picture was taken. —ED.

## WAIT TILL I'M 82

Sirs:

. . . That diagram of Dr. Cureton's about the diver's stance (SI, August 30), arms outstretched, etc., indicating fitness, intrigued me because on my 71st birthday (July 17, 1954) by way of showing off before 8 sons, daughters, 12 granddaughters, grandsons (one grandson 21-year-old Stanford soph after 3 years in regular Army) I too stood with "arms outstretched" and did 8 or 10 back flips off a springboard.

I do this every summer, because they say your legs are the first to go, if you've been an athlete. I don't intend that any indication of advancing years shall overtake me unwarned. At the Tribune employees' picnic last year one of our photographers (Lionie Wilson) shot enclosed photo of me performing.

I can do much better than depicted in these photos. Lionie was going to have me do it over with his sequence camera then decided it is funnier in bad form for an old guy as we have it.

Now for all I know, every other former athlete can do back flips at 71, but the boys



● Whether Col. Jones' gag was cricket seems to be a matter of opinion. We are still looking for Zane Grey's comment on the subject. Meanwhile, we offer a striking bit of nonconformity that resulted recently when Rod Stoiger, Gene Nelson and Gordon MacRae, a trio of actors in the movie version of "Oklahoma!" went to Guyanana, Mexico and caught a couple of big game fish. —ED.

## MISSING WALLEYE

Sirs:

I would like to report a fine catch I made on our fishing trip to Canada. I notified on your fishing calendar (SI, August 16) no one reported a walleye. I caught one weigh-

# new mother

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10th HOLE continued

in our sports department don't know any, so I thought anyhow I'd submit the story to you. If you are not interested, we'll wait till I'm 81 and try you again . . .

JIM ABBE  
Oakland Tribune

Oakland, Calif.



● Back-dipper Jim Abbe spent 71 physically active years as roving photographer (Hitler, the Spanish War, Russia) and radio commentator in 11 Western states before tapering off as radio-TV columnist for the Oakland Tribune. —ED.

## DIVORCE DENIED

Sirs:

In re: your Sports Court box about the Missouri fisherman's wife, your readers might be interested in this report from an old Milwaukee newspaper.

"Judge Wm. F. Shaughnessy, Milwaukee Circuit Judge, denied divorce to two 'fishing widows' who cited their husbands' frequent fishing trips as cause for divorce. "Said the Learned Judge, 'Fishing is a wholesome recreation which husbands are entitled to enjoy. A wife who objects to her husband fishing is unreasonable and over exacting.'"

TALBOT DENMELO  
Editor  
Maryland Conservationist

Baltimore

## WHITE HOUSE GOLFERS

Sirs:

Your magazine recently said that Ike was the first to play golf on the White House lawn, but not true. Taft, Wilson and Harding all played there. Enclosed is a photo of Harding's ball. Taft brought a young caddy up from Virginia to work for the government and he gave Taft lessons on the lawn. The caddy was Elmer Loving, who afterwards became a famous pro. Taft tried to put him into the U. of Virginia, but the guy walked out after a rough hazing the first night. The second Mrs. Wilson first saw Wilson in golf togs at the White House—and she said he was a very sloppy dresser. The ramifications of presidential golf go way back—and there's a mystery as to why Teddy R. did not play, but he must have known the game for he was brought up on Long Island, and one winter in the 90's

said all L.I. was a golf links. Was the big stick a niblick?

JACK LEVEL

Elmhurst, N.Y.



• Presidents Harding, Taft and Wilson all played the game with varying skill and enthusiasm. Harding, the most devoted golfer to precede like in the White House, was a regular occupant of the President's Cottage on Maryland's Chevy Chase Club. Using multistarred and monogrammed balls (see cat) Harding cheerfully challenged the best pros of his day, including Walter Hagen (who once let the President cool his heels for 15 minutes on the first tee while shaving in the locker room). Harding played as though his life depended on each shot. In part, his unusual concentration stemmed from the numerous bets he made. Harding's idea of a vacation was to start playing golf near Ormond Beach and barnstorm north over Florida's golf courses. He did not, however, practice regularly on the White House lawn, although he did occasionally drop an old rug on the ground and drive a few balls over the south grounds. These were generally retrieved by his dog, Laddie Boy.

William Howard Taft already played a pretty good game when Elmer Loving caught his eye while caddying for him on the Virginia Hot Springs links. Taft brought Loving to Washington to caddy for him. Loving's son, Ben, grew up to be pro at the Longmeadow Country Club near Springfield, Mass. and was killed during World War II.

President Wilson never really cared for the game although the second Mrs. Wilson cajoled the President into a daily round until the outbreak of World War I. Perhaps the President's efforts discouraged him. He usually shot around 115 and his wife rarely broke 200. The President snubbed the Chevy Chase Club as too fashionable.

President Theodore Roosevelt's big stick was no niblick. When a visitor asked Roosevelt for details on his break with Taft, Roosevelt replied, "The real trouble between Mr. Taft and myself was fundamental. My game is tennis. Mr. Taft is addicted to golf."—ED.

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